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RANDOLPH METHYL.





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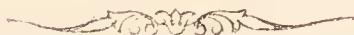
A STORY OF

## ANGLO-INDIAN LIFE.

W. W. <sup>BY</sup> Ireland

THE AUTHOR OF THE

"HISTORY OF THE SIEGE OF DELHI."



LONDON:

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## PREFACE.

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IN considering how to treat the subject attempted, it is necessary to bear in mind that it is new and unoccupied; consequently, it appeared unadvisable to follow the manner of some authors who deal with European life. The object of all is to give something new. To find something new at home one must go out of the way. In this book romance emigrates, leaves her old castles and family seats, her trap-doors, ghosts, and horrors, for the adventurous life of the Anglo-Indian. I cannot judge whether the reader will be at once reconciled to the change; but, if he goes in my company to India, it is unavoidable.

European life is quicker, and more intricate, but generally goes on in the same place. In India the scene of a British employé's life is shifting; but the circumstances that influence it follow one another slowly, and even the accidents that modify its course are seldom of an unforeseen character.

I have not been in India since the spring of 1860. Meanwhile, a series of sweeping changes have been brought about. The extinction of the old Company's army, and the breach in the exclusive privileges of the covenanted Civil Service, must have done much to modify the tone and manners of society.

The reader ought, then, to bear in mind that the India of 1857 and 1858 is not altogether the India of 1862, and will soon be much less so. The features which distinguish the Anglo-Indian from the Englishman in India will become fainter; though the relations between the two races, between the conquerors and the conquered, remain as before, and must ever produce similar results.

I take this opportunity of thanking the press for the courtesy with which my first work was received. The encouragement held out has emboldened me to venture on a second literary undertaking.

WILLIAM W. IRELAND.

SCHWARZ RHEINDORF,

*4th September 1862*



# RANDOLPH METHYL.

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## CHAPTER I.

WHICH BEGINS FROM THE BEGINNING.

IN the year 1836, a man-child passed into "the Divine shores of light." He was a goodly baby, with a loud voice; and as nothing else about him was obtrusively remarkable at this stage, it may be wise to leave him to grow, and to inquire about his family.

Unfortunately, we must decline to investigate his pedigree on the male side, owing to the fact that his grandfather kept a meal-shop in Linlithgow. Very few great houses, however, can be traced back to distinguished ancestors by direct lineal descent; the best family trees being, as some people may hear with dignified annoyance, exceedingly knotted, truncated, and gnarled affairs. On the mother's side his descent might be called noble. The origin of her family dates as far

back as James III. of Scotland, and may be found related in the "Gauntlet of Galloway."

Two rival neighbouring gentlemen riding the marshes of their respective estates, with all their armed retainers, met on a piece of land, which each regarded as his by right. As neither of them, owing to want of eloquence, could convince the other of the groundlessness of his claim, the consequence was a fight, in which one of the rivals was struck off his horse by a man in the service of his adversary, who thus gained the battle, and bestowed the contested piece of ground upon the hero of the day. This was a tanner, who took the dangerous present, and was building a house upon it, when he was mortally wounded by an arrow, which had been aimed by some one hired by the party whom he had overthrown. This accident was not so disagreeable to the tanner himself, or to his family, as superficial people might suppose. The nobleman who had instigated the deed, taking, about this time, the side of the Douglasses against the royal line of Stuart, the foulness of the murder appeared most evident, after that terrible race was defeated and chased out of Scotland, and their adherent lost a great part of his estates. Another piece of ground

went by way of indemnity to the son of the tanner, who was thus able to get so many masses said for the soul of his father that he was hurried through purgatory with much greater celerity than could have been expected to happen to a sinner who had left no money, or whose heirs would not pay for his posthumous comforts. The name of the little estate was Ostermarch, which my learned friend, the Rev. Mr. Dinwiddie, author of the "Gauntlet of Galloway," believes originated in the desire of the family to remind the world that Easter, or Oster, begins in March. Leaving this fact to be discussed by those interested in the "Terms," we have the honour to note that in the original charter, granting the land at an annual rent of one jacobus, it is stated that the "dominus," whom the tanner threw over, had his arm broken by the fall, *humero fracto*. It is thus clear that the original name was Oxtar March, *oxter* and *humerus* being synonymous words.

The family, thus fairly founded, went on swelling in importance. The M'Gowans, of Ostermarch, kept their own in those troublous times; they handled the sword skilfully and held the buckler warily. Some became lawyers, and did so much to extend the paternal acres with their inkhorns

that, at last, a descendant of the tanner married a lord's daughter, which fairly ennobled, besides bringing red hair into the family. It is unnecessary to mention all their adventures; for the M'Gowans had their ups and downs. The grandfather of our hero found himself possessed of a considerable estate, which had never been entailed. He himself passed three-fourths of his life doing little evil and no good, till, when everybody thought he would settle into a quiet old age, he suddenly took a passion for drinking and gaming. He imagined he possessed a great genius for the latter amusement, was fond of lecturing on the doctrine of probabilities, and could prove, by a *sortes* of algebraic reasonings, that, by keeping in a certain line of play, he must win a large fortune in the end. He succeeded tolerably at first; but after his neighbours were tired of losing their money to him, he was obliged to gamble with others, who talked less of probabilities, yet had fortune evidently biassed in their cause. One, in particular, a military gentleman, originally a groom with an inborn genius for play, had gained a commission by the cards, had gained his steps, had played himself into an estate, and in the course of his career found an opportunity of ruining old M'Gowan. At this time



the last-mentioned worthy lived in Edinburgh. He was a widower with two daughters, both of them unmarried, and with small prospects of being sought after ; for though, of course, his ancestral reputation could not be destroyed, his own was seriously impaired by various desperate doings. One day, however, a young surgeon presented himself to claim the hand of his youngest daughter, which he said, had been promised to him by the lady herself in private agreement. He was received with a storm of lofty indignation. M'Gowan then went to reproach his daughter for the lowness of her views. She, however, appears to have made up her mind not to let the opportunity pass, for, in spite of all the aristocratic opposition of the old gentleman, they were married several months after. Her father was not at the wedding. The eldest daughter was no more pleased at it than eldest sisters generally are at their younger sisters being married before them. She was, moreover, a woman of strong prejudices, though good sense, and entered into all her father's objections on the score of the meal shop in Linlithgow. The surgeon, Mr. Methyl, was a man of considerable talents and mental activity, and had a good prospect of rising in his profession. He was the author

of a book “On the Motion of the Blood through the Capillaries,” a copy of which, in the enthusiasm of his profession, he sent to his father-in-law, with a view to reconcile him to the match. The latter gentleman, however, is said not to have read it, and even to have flung it in the fire. Old M’Gowan went on drinking and playing, and would have sunk to the very lowest depths of profligacy, had he not been suddenly cut off, after an illness of a few days. The two sisters met for the first time after the marriage, embraced one another, forgot the littleness of pride in the depths of their sorrow, and poured their tears over the wasted and rigid features of the poor old gambler.

The greater part of Ostermarch was left to the eldest daughter, with a small share to the younger ; for the will had been made before the *mésalliance*, and never changed. Indeed, it appeared scarcely necessary to disinherit her, for the property was so encumbered with debts and disadvantages of all kinds—disadvantages to the heirs, not to the lawyers—that Mr. Methyl not only declined to have anything to do with his share, but even advised Miss M’Gowan to abandon the whole to her father’s creditors, and come to live with him. This advice, though well meant and given in the

most delicate manner, had a most exasperating effect upon that lady. Mr. Methyl proved, by inevitable reasoning, that nothing could be extracted out of the estate save additional debt and harassing litigation; but she answered his arguments in very bad humour. The colloquy ended by her remarking that an estate which had remained nearly four hundred years in the family could not be given up like a meal shop. This led to a quarrel between them, and all intercourse was again dropped.

Mr. Methyl, soon after the birth of his son, was seized with an afflicting illness, from which he died. He had spent all his money, as he lived on, always trusting his income would increase, so that some savings might be conveniently laid by. Scarcely anything was left for his wife and son. The wailings of her infant child roused Mrs. Methyl from the stupor of grief into which the death of her husband had plunged her. Collecting all the little money she could, she took a house in the suburbs of Edinburgh, and set up a school. It was, of course, for young children—boys and girls, the girls being several sizes bigger than the boys. Though not very successful, it gave them bread for several years. Death, however, followed the

widow to her new abode ; she was seized with an alarming illness, and expired before her sister could reach her. Miss M'Gowan arrived by the coach a few hours after.

They had laid the poor lady in the dead clothes, which, after the loss of her husband, she had, agreeably to an old Scottish custom, made for herself, for she thought of death as of a re-union with him.

The little boy was shut up in another room ; Miss M'Gowan, who, though not particularly susceptible, was much affected, took him kindly upon her knee ; but he turned away his head, and cried, "Where is mother? where is mother?" She took him in her arms, and carried him away to the room where his mother was lying. "There is your mother ; see how cold she is !" He patted her cheek several times ; but finding it so chilly, and that she took no notice of him, he turned away with a mixture of silent terror, wonder, and grief. It was the first time this great problem of death had been presented to the child's mind.

But let us turn our mind away from such a picture. Are there not gayer ones than these ? Is not the world beautiful everywhere ? All over the mould of death is green with the verdure of life. Are there not balls, and theatres, and picture



galleries, and silks, and satins, and gay jewels, to drive away the thought that one day an unseen hand will strike us, and our hearts cease to throb, and our chests to heave, and our limbs have no motion, and sounds beat unheard upon our ear, and the light will pass into our eyes as through the windows of a silent chamber, whose tenant is away?

Two days after, a few gentlemen collected in the little parlour. The coffin, on the lid of which the child had read the name and age of his mother, was carried before them away to the Greyfriars' churchyard. The little orphan was directed to hold in his tiny hand a black string attached to the coffin, while they let his mother's body down to the grave.

After waiting two or three days to dispose of the house and furniture, Miss M'Gowan set off with her nephew, who was now five years old, to Ostermarch. Her heart at first had been softened by the melancholy death of her sister and the desolate condition of the orphan child; but it soon began to freeze again, retaining, however, the impressions it had received in its softened state. She was one of those people who complain that they do not like children, as if children had no business to be in the same world with them. The little Randolph, whose mind was too unripe for great

griefs, soon began to recover his spirits, and to make noises displeasing to the tympanum of his aunt. His behaviour in the stage-coach did not soothe her temper. He did not like riding for hours together in the coach, and cried to get out. When the roads became rougher, he was made sick by the motion of the vehicle, and could not take the dry biscuits and milk which had been provided for their refreshment on the journey.

The coach jolted on through a country dismal with morasses and low, bare, rounded hills. It stopped for the passengers to bait at certain favoured inns; but Miss M'Gowan, who remarked it was useless to order anything, for they never got it ready till the coachman was going to blow his horn, was too cautious to give herself or her nephew any dinner. The coach went jolting on at the rate of seven and a-half miles an hour. At night it stopped at an inn in a small country town. His aunt ordered ale and bread-and-cheese for her own supper, and the little boy got some of the eatables with the morning's milk to drink. It was quite churned by the motion of the coach, and the barmaid provoked her mightily by calling it buttermilk.

Next morning they again set off on their journey. The last four miles were traversed in a

gig, which was waiting for them, borrowed from a neighbouring farmer. Little Randolph was very well pleased with the appearance of the country. The sun happened to be shining, and the larks were singing high in the air. The people on the road greeted them kindly as they went by. Everything was gay and merry; at least to him. Miss M'Gowan sat stiff up, was continually frowning, and sometimes a low sound came from her lips. The truth was, she was considering all the possible slips and peculations that might have been made in her absence: whether the meal had gone down too low? what number of eggs there ought to be, and how many chickens? how the young turkeys were looking? whether the delicate one had died in her absence? She half regretted she had not sold it before she had left; many an anxious thought it had cost her. Then how was the garden looking? Had they aired the house properly? Had they not over-fed the watch-dog, or neglected to take the proper amount of work out of the horses? She wearied her ingenuity in composing a proper scold for every contingent enormity. They would have plenty of excuses ready-made, she knew; but these she conned over, and was prepared to pull to pieces. No orator ever

ascended the tribune so full of argument and eloquent invective as Miss M'Gowan driving along to the old house at Ostermarch.

At every pleasant-looking dwelling they came near, which, indeed, was not very many, little Randolph eagerly asked if this was Ostermarch; but seeing his aunt answered him impatiently, he was at last constrained to rest satisfied in her remark, that he would know it was Ostermarch when they stopped there. At last they did stop before an old gate, which the driver alighted to open. They passed into a court-yard, and an elderly-looking servant came out of the house to greet them.

“Eh, Miss M'Gowan, and ye're there; and Miss Barbara's e'en awa; and this is her bairn, and 'deed he is a braw bairn. But he's that frae his mither; for, eh, she was a bonny leddy. He's ower like her.”

Miss M'Gowan, who gathered from something in her domestic's manner that some household calamity had happened in her absence, told the driver of the gig he might go away. The man, mumbling between his teeth probably a growl at receiving no gratuity, took out little Randolph kindly enough, and helped the servant to remove the trunks into the house.



## CHAPTER II.

MISS M'GOWAN, OF OSTERMARCH—LITTLE RANDOLPH'S  
CHILDHOOD AND BOYHOOD—A NEW RELATION APPEARS.

It turned out that the roof of the byre had tumbled in upon two cows, giving them some severe bruises on the back. Miss M'Gowan here gave her little nephew his first conception of the volubility and power of her "flyting" faculty, though, as she was taken unawares, her whole discourse must have been quite extempore.

The servant's excuse was, that they had told her the roof of the byre was in a ruinous state before she went to Edinburgh; and had actually got it propped after she left; but this she showed was no valid excuse. It was evident it had not been "properly propped," or else how could it have fallen in? Besides, it was clear that the roof ought to have been mended at once. She would rather have paid for that, than have the cows hashed in such a way. The bruises on the back were nothing

to the dangerous internal injuries which, she was confident, they had received. One of the men, losing patience, remarked, that, in that case, the best thing would be to send them to the butcher at once.

Miss M'Gowan's character was one easy to sketch. It was traced in strong and deep lines, with few delicate touches. She was considerably older than her sister ; and had, at an early age, been the chief adviser of her mother. She was exact and careful in everything she did or managed, and always collected and positive in her opinions. Indeed, she never thought one of them was open to discussion. She had grown up during the French wars, under the impression that Napoleon was a monster. A defence of that personage she would have considered as much out of place as a panegyric upon the devil, or an attempt to canonize Judas Iscariot. She had political tendencies ; read the newspapers and Blackwood's Magazine ; believed Catholics to be very bad people ; and shuddered at Radicals. Nothing could be said against her private life ; every Sunday she went to church, to the square seat covered with faded black cloth, set apart for the Ostermarch family ; and listened, with unflinching attention, to sermons of an hour's

length. She read books of sermons all the afternoon, and examined the servants in theology at eight o'clock. People of her stamp are always conscientious. They give to every man his due, always know exactly what is due to each; and wonder at the unreasonableness of people who are not satisfied. Miss M'Gowan wished well to the whole world, especially to herself; but though she hoped for the best, she always feared the worst. She did not interfere in anybody's affairs, but liked to know something about everybody in the countryside, as it was possible she might have dealings with them. It would be ungracious to enlarge upon her bad temper, to which she was prone to give way; as she remarked people ought not to provoke her.

On the death of her father there was, as already said, some talk of Ostermarch being sold; and to prevent a catastrophe so dreadful to her family pride, she had devoted all her energies. She commenced with each creditor severally, showed they were in greater danger of losing than gaining by pressing in too hard; and explained, that if they gave her time she would pay them every penny. Many of the debts were of a kind that could not be made too public; such creditors she

met, with grave rebuke, made the half of them ashamed of themselves ; beat down the demands of the rest ; but promised, out of respect for her father's memory, and the honour of the M'Gowans, that she would yet pay them every plack of the gear. " Ne'er-do-weels," uttered she loudly, as they were shutting the door. By a mixture of firmness and conciliation she managed to avoid a number of threatening legal questions ; on one plea she stood issue, and gained it outright. She now set to work to clear off the debt, and managed her affairs well. Indeed, she had from her childhood possessed the managing head of the family. She took a small part of the estate, near the house, which she farmed herself. She got good prices for her corn, kept cows, fed calves, kept pigs, kept hens, kept bees, made cheese and butter ; the very fruit in the garden was collected and sent to Dunnion for sale. Not an egg, nor an apple, nor a half-mutchkin of milk, could have disappeared without her missing them. The leases of two little farms slipped ; and new bidders found that they were not dealing with her father, who would give a tack on any terms for a good grassam, *Anglicè*, bonus. She lived most abstemiously herself, and her servants fared no better. There was nothing she would not go through, she used to say,



to get the land cleared of debt. A very honourable feeling; she placed it on an altar within her heart, and made every faculty of her mind and moral nature bend to it. In a few years the debt began to melt away, and she could look forward to a clear rental; but she did not change her course of life one whit. Avarice was now her ruling passion.

Miss M'Gowan had a long face, thin nose, and sharp chin; her bluish grey eyes had a cold, prying expression; her mouth was small, the lips thin—they would, I dare say, have been compressed if she had not lost most of her front teeth; she was small and slender in her appearance, with very little hands and feet: yet there was nothing insignificant about her; the silent force of her character took off the effect of her tiny appearance. She wore a cap adorned with bows of white satin ribbon, she generally had clothes of a smoky grey, because that colour always retained its original dinginess.

Ostermarch House was an old square building of four storeys, built of stone, whose originally dark colour had been deepened by age; the windows were small ones, and the lower ones heavily stanchioned. The house had something of the appearance of a prison. It was surrounded by a very high wall, which also enclosed a court-yard and a

large garden. Ostermarch was situated in a pastoral country, with low, bare-backed hills. The house was two miles from the sea, and between three and four from Dunnion, a market and county town.

Our little friend had been rather spoilt by his mother ; but now felt a chilling presentiment that, somehow or other, things were sadly altered. He was put down before some porridge and skimmed milk. Miss M'Gowan went bustling about the whole day, counting and prying into everything. About two o'clock Randolph got a small piece of meat, the bone of which he was directed to take out to the watch-dog ; and at seven he was put to bed, after an energetic resistance on his part.

Miss M'Gowan had made up her mind to do her best to bring up the child properly, and there was little danger of her changing in her resolution. To train a child well is no light duty, as she was well aware, and she thought she had a just right to the gratitude and affection of the boy. Randolph took a different view ; the idea of being grateful for his porridge and skimmed milk, for being continually chidden, and sent to bed at seven o'clock, never entered his infantile mind. Miss M'Gowan never displayed any tenderness ; it was out of her way.

She would have been ashamed of showing half what she felt. I do not think her nephew ever liked her much. He missed his bread and jam *à discretion*, and yearned for his affectionate mother, and the stirring little school in Edinburgh, where the school-girls used to fondle him and give him sweetmeats. Miss M'Gowan had also grounds for dissatisfaction; Randolph was a wild little fellow, full of spirits, fun, and mischief. Miss M'Gowan did not sympathise with that at all. She wondered why children could not keep out of mischief? why they are never at rest? never keep clean? why they are so selfish, ungrateful, and deceitful? The little fellow certainly gave her much trouble. He fought with the geese, chased the hens into the pond, threw stones at the pigs, let loose the watch-dog, and pulled the apples. Miss M'Gowan removed her bed to a room with two windows, one commanding the court-yard, the other the garden. It was a pity it had not a skylight; for he got out on the roof, frightened away half the pigeons, and left a tile upon one of the chimney-tops; as Miss M'Gowan remarked, he was not a bairn but a devil. He wondered why his aunt did not enjoy these pranks, which every one else laughed at, and tried to screen. The nephew soon found it ex-

pedient to keep as far from the house as possible, and his aunt found it expedient to send him to the parish school, to be out of harm's way.

Randolph left in the morning, with a piece of bread in his pocket, which, in winter, he toasted at the end of a piece of slate pencil, at the school-room fire. The school was two miles off; so he did not return till the afternoon, and, in the evening, his aunt heard him his lessons. Both she and the schoolmaster "targed him tightly," and he made wonderful progress. As he got older, he spent more and more of his leisure time out of the house. The gudewives round about were always glad to see the boy; and when their gudemen came home from the market at Dunnion, they always brought him a cake of gingerbread or a whistle, as for one of their own children. Miss M'Gowan did not like this, and tried to keep him in the house. At the New Year's time she would feel his pockets, and pull out pieces of currant loaf, and other delicacies, which had been given him to eat at home. Randolph would tell all this to the other children. They would say, "She is only your aunt, not your mother at all." Then the boy would boast about the golden days when his mother was alive, half believing the exaggerations his childish imagination pictured. He would



struggle to give the little peasants a glowing notion of Edinburgh—the beautiful city, with its bright lamps, fine houses, splendid shops, and stirring streets.

I do not think Miss M'Gowan meant to be harsh to her nephew ; but she had not the milk of human kindness, was morose, cross, and fault-finding, and wanted to make him something that no child ever was, if not crushed by sickness or ill-usage.

Miss M'Gowan was not liked in the country-side ; she made hard bargains, and was sharp with her working people. Perhaps her heart was not naturally bad. Mr. Combe has remarked that if one has large benevolence and small acquisitiveness, he will be disposed to be charitable ; but if he has large benevolence, and large acquisitiveness, instead of giving charity in kind, he will give it in advice. Miss M'Gowan was fond of giving people advice, she showed people how they might save money, and had little recipes for simple complaints. Once when an old servant, who had served her family a great part of his life, was too old to go through his usual labour, she presented him with an old horse, and a worn-out cart, and pointed out how he might hawk about the country, selling tapes, laces, and knives, and copies of Bogatzky's "Treasury," and "A Believer's Golden Chain."

Miss M'Gowan still went on grumbling about losses, and bad prices, and hard times; but, as years went by, it began to be known, that, instead of her being in debt, people were owing her money, and that she was eager for opportunities of investing more. The country folks began to wonder to whom she would leave it all, and would make sly attempts to dive into her intentions. They would call little Randolph, Young Ostermarch; but this she did not seem to relish. She sometimes regretted that there were no lads in the family, to keep the name of M'Gowan, as the M'Gowans were the best blood in the county. The boy was habitually called Randolph M'Gowan, and in this she evidently acquiesced. Unfortunately, the nephew seemed to have as much family pride as the aunt. Oh, this family pride, where does it not lurk! His companions repeated to him what they had heard their parents saying about his mother's marriage; and he was conscious that she did not like to hear the name of his father. He insisted on being called Randolph Methyl, would not answer to the name of M'Gowan; wrote Randolph Methyl in half-text in his school-books, whenever he could form the letters of his name, and incurred a fierce slap on the side of the head, by scrawling it on the window sill.

Thus the child grew up to boyhood. Many people, who had no children, envied Miss M'Gowan in having the care of him. He was a comely boy, with dark brown hair, fair complexion, and blue eyes. There was something very winning about his ways. He was kind-hearted and sociable, but rather inclined to be obstinate. His training called out, at an early age, his natural self-reliance. He seemed fond of reading, but by no means inclined to study; perhaps this was because it was not encouraged. As he grew older he was sent from the parish school to the Dunnion Academy. Miss M'Gowan was at some loss what profession he ought to follow; she seemed to have no idea of his remaining by her. He wasna to eat the bread of idleness. She might have gained much from his assistance, as he grew up, in managing the farm; but he never showed any propensity for such work. To be sure, it was presented to him in an unpalatable form. His aunt had always some job or other for him to do, to fill up his holidays and leisure time, "just to keep him from idleset." The cows were to drive to the milking, or there were potatoes to dig, or peas to pull. Perhaps she was right, but her nephew very often did not think so.

Miss M'Gowan was now rapidly getting rich,

and lived in a little better style than she had done heretofore. Her influence in the country was very great; and, of course, Randolph was more thought of in consequence. Moreover, at the Dunnion Academy, he became acquainted with a number of highly eminent boys, such as the son of Sir Archibald Brash, of Dam Clinton; that of Mr. Maxwell, of Benmuir, who stated that his father was justly entitled to the Nithsdale peerage. There were also the young Edgars, and Livingstones, whose fathers were distinguished writers and bankers; and the son and heir of Provost Hyslop's brewery. Dunnion was a kind of capital town for a large corner of Scotland. The intimacy of such distinguished personages awakened aspiring desires in Randolph's mind; his soul became too big for the menial tasks assigned to him; and he was highly indignant when, instead of proposing to send him to the college at Edinburgh, his aunt wished to apprentice him to an architect in Dunnion. Randolph had made up his mind to be a doctor, simply because his father had been one; but knew that his aunt would object, for the very same reason. He thought, however, that if he could manage to reach the college at Edinburgh, he would find some way or other of fulfilling his desire; he would get some of the



great physicians interested in him, he would make some lucky hit, such as happens to people in books. He had a wandering imagination, the boy. To give up all the visions that filled his fancy, the vague possibilities that floated through his mind, it was too much! And to do this in order to get shut up in a dull back room, to pass his life drawing plans and diagrams of houses, was what he could not bring his mind to undergo. He thought over every expedient of escaping; but none occurred to him, save running away and becoming a sailor. This, however, he determined to reserve as a last refuge. Miss M'Gowan seemed startled at his decided aversion. She had proposed the thing, because the boy was fond of drawing. She determined to give him two quarters more schooling, and then he must go to work for his bread somewhere. Randolph knew her too well to hope she would make any fresh concession. It is a hard transition from the school to the world. Many tender spirits find it very bitter to leave the parade, to begin their humble part in the battle of life, not unfrequently a weary, thankless, and toilsome one, too heavy for a boy to bear.

There is no saying how matters would have ended, had an unexpected auxiliary not appeared

for our hero. This was an elder brother of his father—Mr. Howard Methyl, he called himself—who had disappeared out of the ken of his family for about thirty years. After a number of ups and downs, he had got into the uncovenanted service in India; and was now back again to Scotland, with a small pension. He was a free-and-easy, good-natured, and kind-hearted creature. He went to Linlithgow; wept when he found that his father's old shop and house had been pulled down; shook hands warmly with the few old schoolfellows whom he found alive; and, a few days after, took a journey from Edinburgh to Ostermarch, to see his nephew. Mr. Howard Methyl was not abashed by the cool reception he received from Miss M'Gowan. He wanted to know how his nephew was to be set up in life. Greatly to that lady's indignation, "the man" went to the schoolmaster and the parish clergyman; found out that Randolph was a genius, only needing a university education to make him famous. He then consulted the boy himself, who cordially agreed with the schoolmaster. Mr. Howard Methyl had a most enthusiastic turn of mind, and actually communicated a faint flutter to the saturnine disposition of Miss M'Gowan. He wished to take the boy to live with him in Edin-

burgh, to finish his education. Miss M'Gowan was, at first, very indignant; but Mr. Howard Methyl went round the parish, talking over everybody, and communicating his own enthusiastic views to everybody, and Randolph was so obstinate and determined to get away, that his aunt, at last, gave an ungracious consent. She distrusted Mr. Howard Methyl, and was displeased at the boy's eagerness to leave her. At the bottom of her heart, she was sorry to lose him. I don't mean to defend our hero: like most people at his age, he was inclined to be selfish and inconsiderate. A month after, he took a tearful farewell of all his country friends, who hoped that he would soon return a great man; and left Ostermarch for Edinburgh. Very soon Ostermarch had receded from his mind; boys of fourteen are not much given to look behind them. Mr. Howard Methyl had a house near the Links, in Edinburgh; and Randolph was sent to the rector's class in the High School. He found himself rather behind the boys there; but, being naturally quick and versatile, he was able at least to keep up with the general progress of the class. Two years after, he passed on to the Humanity classes at the University, where all his difficulties ceased. The great bulk of the class were lads from

the country, who were most of them no farther on than he himself was when he left Ostermarch. They read easy books like "Quintius Curtius," or Xenophon's "Anabasis;" and were taught the merest rudiments of the Latin and Greek languages. At that time, the two professors of Humanity, *ipso facto*, kept a school for the benefit of boys who thought themselves too old to wear jackets, but whose education was not sufficiently advanced to enable them to go on with their studies in a more professorial fashion.



### CHAPTER III.

OUR HERO'S FIRST SESSION AT COLLEGE—HE IS  
INTRODUCED TO MISFORTUNE—HOW LITTLE WE  
CAN DO WITHOUT THE HELP OF OTHERS.

RANDOLPH did not find much increase in his knowledge of Latin and Greek by his session at the University. He could say the lessons prescribed without preparing them, and took little pride in writing the petty exercises given out. But a lad's first session at the university is perhaps the most important in his life. Here he generally begins to think for himself, if he ever does so at all. In Edinburgh a clever boy, very likely the dux in a country school, meets with a hundred other boys, each the genius of his parish. What a glorious opportunity for discussing and debating, proving themselves great philosophers, subjecting all laws and institutions, human and divine, to their tribunal! What freshness of thought, that never dreams it has been anticipated a myriad of times,

and in a myriad of places! What an eager welcome to new ideas! What quickness of perception, and mistakes of appreciation! What an immense variety of thoughts passed through our hero's brain! The theories of Epicurus, the doubts of the Academy, the Gospel of Budha, with the more practical speculations of modern times, Republicanism, Socialism, Phrenology, Materialism, Vegetarianism, "The way to the blessed life," Origin of all religions, Hobbism—each was discussed and freely communicated for the approval of his friends, and for the criticism of his adversaries.

He had arrived at that stage of scepticism and literary dissipation, through which many minds must pass; but it would be useless for us to enlarge upon such days and such feelings. One can only realise them who has felt them; and those who have not felt them would be uneasy and perhaps shocked, as were the more cautious and more staid of Randolph's companions, who, intending to study for the Church, wished to avoid all questions which might bring them into collision with the Confession of Faith.

I have not said much about Mr. Howard Methyl, because, as people soon found out, "there was not much in him." He was rather a weak man, with

little knowledge in himself, but with great admiration for it in others. His tastes were rather of a low description, and he was fond of convivial entertainments. A more improper guardian to a boy of Randolph's years could not be had; and yet it was amazing how little the boy was swayed by his uncle's example. His tastes were too delicate, and his perceptions were too quick for him to overlook what he could not respect in his relative. Of an intellectual character, Nature had so constituted him that he had no relish for sensual pleasures, and no delight in coarse society.

Our hero had abandoned all intention of being a doctor. He had looked over a medical student's dissecting-room manual, all smeared with grease and blood, and turned away with nausea from the dull and apparently useless details it contained. He had put his nose into the dissecting-room, and gone once or twice into the surgical wards of the Infirmary; and that was enough for him. He did not incline either for the church or for the law, and determined to take a degree in Arts, after which he would make up his mind what employment he would follow. He remarked that often very good stray situations turned up for detached men, who left the beaten track. You may be sure the old

lady at Ostermarch did not approve of such easy philosophy. Randolph went to see her in his first college vacation. He had now sense enough to be grateful to her for the debt he owed her in his bringing up, and held her in much greater respect. She was quite astonished at the improvement which had taken place in his appearance and manners during his residence in the capital ; on the other hand, she was displeased at having lost her influence over the boy, and not a little shocked by the extraordinary opinions in which he indulged. When one of his aunt's horses went a-missing he laboured to console her, by showing, that it was not clear whether the quadruped had any real objective "existence ;" it might, after all, be only a connition, just a stray idea gone out of her head. Besides, even granting that our connition of horse had a real existence, the animal might be of more use in some other person's hands. She declared, with proper indignation, that she had paid twenty-two pounds for the animal ; but he showed her that the pounds might also be connitions. Such connitions, he remarked with playful sententiousness, were the most laborious to arrive at and often gave no real pleasurable emotion in return.

"I doubt that you will never arrive at any of



them," said she. "It would be much better if you were learning something to win your bread, instead of learning nonsense, that will never make your pat boil, at the college in Edinburgh. That uncle of yours is just cramming your head full of vain conceit."

She was not at all pleased at the style in which Randolph talked of his future career and pecuniary conditions, but sagaciously made up her mind that he would only learn by experience, as he did not think that of wiser people worth the having when it was offered to him.

Her predictions were more correct than she herself perhaps anticipated. Mr. Howard Methyl's convivialities had, since ever he returned to Europe his own lord, made him exceed his income. In consequence, he had been obliged to draw upon the money he had saved out of his pickings when Commissariat clerk; but this being spent, he was compelled to take articles gratis from the different tradespeople who had the generosity to give him credit. Unhappily, their trusting disposition was not of long continuance; an execution was laid upon the house. This was the first blow Randolph had received, at least the first whose severity he could realise. Turned adrift in this

chill world, Mr. Howard Methyl and he removed to furnished lodgings, resolving to live very sparingly, in order to pay off the debt; but the proceeds of the pouding did not satisfy their creditors, who, discovering that they could not seize Mr. Methyl's income, determined to arrest his person, in order to squeeze the money out of him. But a hint of this danger being communicated to Randolph by the son of the sheriff-officer, who was studying for the Church at the University, Randolph ran away to tell it to his uncle. That gentleman at once made up his mind to leave the country. He wished to take Randolph with him; but this the lad most sensibly declined. Indeed, he urged his uncle to stay, mindful of the example of Socrates under more untoward circumstances; but seeing him bent on escaping, Randolph did his best to assist in the flight. Learning that a boat would sail for Hamburg the same evening, he went and secured a passage for his uncle. The latter cried bitterly when he left the boy. Randolph stood upon the shore till he saw the ship fairly out of the harbour. He then followed it along the pier of Leith, waving his handkerchief to his uncle. When it was out of sight, he turned sadly away, and walked to their old lodgings in Nicolson Street.

He was wearied and bewildered, having run up and down the whole day, and he soon fell asleep; but in the morning, the whole loneliness of his situation entered his mind. Mr. Howard Methyl had very little money, beyond what went for paying his fare to Hamburg; and Randolph did not wish to take any from him. He only accepted of five pounds; and, after paying the lodgings, and some other things, only twenty-three shillings remained. What was he to do? He went to the consulting-room of the College, and laid the matter before his two intimate friends, Henry Sinclair, and John M'Nichol. Their opinion agreed with his own, that he must on no account give up finishing his course at the University. His aunt, they considered, ought to assist him; but, if not, he could live, as many students did, upon private teaching; and, perhaps, next year, he might get a bursary.

Delicate idealist as he had been up to this time, he shuddered to plunge into the cold and stormy waters of life. One day, lying drowsily by the seashore, near Dalmeny Park, he had written on the sand—

Oh, that my life were a quiet dream,  
Between two sleeps, with no awaking;  
No winter's chill, no summer gleam,  
Sleep from my wooing eyelids taking!

But slowly, quietly, irresistibly as fate, the rising tide had washed the words away ; and here was he, at one plunge, overhead in the cold salt sea of life. He must strike out or sink ; the brine was already choking his nostrils.

Few can conceive the difficulties, the freezing poverty, and still more freezing neglect, through which a great many young men in the Scottish universities struggle, in order to reach the Church, of which often they become the most distinguished ornaments. Sometimes, on the other hand, one sees the thrice-melancholy spectacle of some poor fellow possessed with a strong desire, or ambition, or “call,” to fit himself for the pulpit, escaping from the plough or bench, trying to force into vigour a poor and feeble intellect, imagining because, through unwearied toil, he can load his memory with hard names, that he will some day turn out an able preacher or a learned man,—miserable deception ! too often obstinately nourished ; nourished, too, by others out of a false pity. I once saw a flock of geese, on a calm, sultry day, betake themselves to the sea, waddle in, and swim about. Oh, geese, it is true you might satisfy a board of examiners that you can swim, and fly, and walk ; but don’t imagine you will ever be like



that sea-gull, which darts about in the air, skims along the sea, or hops over the beach! The salt water tastes harsh and unpleasant to your palate. Go back again to stamp in the gutter, or with your blunt beaks to gobble up tadpoles in the narrow pond! Do not imagine the great sea was given for your element! In fact, the geese in a few minutes began to have a suspicion that something was wrong, and got out of the water, widdle-waddle, across the downs. The human goose, however, is often less reasonable, or more obstinate: he will persist in his delusion for a whole wasted life-time. Through some strait or accident, one of them has got into a pulpit; hear how he twirls about and catches at some shabby conceit; how he goes back upon his words, and repeats the same stale idea in twenty forms; how for half an hour he struggles with his failing ideas; and finally breaks off, as if he had suddenly become extinct, through stagnation of thought.

Randolph went into a poor lodging in Simon Square, for which he paid half-a-crown a week. His landlady, who was in very bad health, was pleased to have him; for he was willing to assist her, and gave little trouble. He did all he could to get private teaching; but his principal friends were

students who could scarcely get teaching for themselves. At first, he had only one pupil; and, though in a month he had another, that was only two pounds a month to exist upon. As may be supposed, he lived very sparingly, breakfasting upon a piece of bread and a drink of water, and dining upon rice and milk. He had written to his aunt, telling her the train of events which had reduced him to this unfortunate position, without, however, asking for any assistance. Her reply came in due course,—a long, carefully-written epistle, full of bitter reflections, self-congratulations, and dignified and austere commiseration of the fate of Mr. Howard Methyl. She was sorry that she had allowed her nephew ever to go near him, but was ready to take him back if he engaged to settle down to learn a calling, and gave up reading wicked and foolish books. Nothing could be more elaborate in composition, more logical in form, more keen in argument, more polished in style, and withal more telling in retort, than the reply that Randolph made to his aunt's letter. He could not consent to give up the hope of following a liberal profession; he could not accept that view of life which counted happiness and worth by the money amassed. Happiness was obtained by moderating our desires, and

cultivating and gratifying our more refined tastes—not by toiling after money, which, when gained, could only buy the lowest kinds of gratification. The whole composition was interspersed with quotations from Greek and Roman philosophers, translated and occasionally adapted *ad feminam*. *Cura sequitur crescentem pecuniam*,—Care follows increasing money. It occasionally follows decreasing money also, though, I suppose, more rarely.

This was the most philosophic period of our hero's existence, and many golden maxims of Zeno and Epictetus passed through his mind, most of them answered in the observation of Dean Swift: “that to try to satisfy our wants by diminishing our desires, is like lopping off our feet because we cannot get shoes.” A human being cannot very well do without a fire in the middle of winter, in Scotland at least, and Randolph's purse had run so low that he was often fain to let it out, and muffle himself up in a double quantity of clothes. The diet he took was too low for a lad of his years; and he used sometimes to be visited with the greatest depression of spirits. In such a tone of mind he often felt the want of encouragement and sympathy, and found some difficulty in concentrating his attention upon his studies. His pro-

gress in them was, however, marked, and procured him considerable notice among his fellow-students. It was a great triumph for him when he was invited, along with some of the best students in the metaphysic class, to an evening entertainment at Sir William Hamilton's. How delighted he felt at exchanging observations with that great philosopher, and observing the easy and instantaneous appreciation of some of his own most happy ideas on causation.

Poverty acts upon us without our being aware of it. Randolph could not enter the Smiths' house, where he had a pupil, without feeling a certain discontent at the wealth and comfort therein displayed; and his own little den seemed miserably cold and dreary, after coming from the warm, cheerful parlour in which he taught. Sometimes they would ask him to tea, an invitation which he did not dare always to accept, in case they should remark the pleasure it afforded him. He had received no answer, from his aunt, to his last letter; indeed, she was so much provoked at it that she talked against him for several days: "in her long life and longer experience she had never received such a letter." The old lady was both proud and obstinate; but scarcely more so than



her nephew. He got several kind letters from Mr. Howard Methyl, in Hamburg. That gentleman's handwriting was often so shaky that Randolph suspected something was wrong. He sent no money; indeed, Randolph wrote that he did not need any.

But what was to be the end of this? Those distinguished scholars who, without independent means, apply themselves to every branch of learning, without cultivating any useful speciality, generally finish by becoming teachers—a most honourable and useful calling; but, in Scotland, scantily esteemed and scantily rewarded. Randolph would have been very much provoked if such a prophecy had been made of him; but for what else was he fitting himself? Remarkable turns of fortune are recorded in books; hence persons ignorant of everything but books are disposed to believe that such accidents bear the same proportion to life as they do to the shelf of a circulating library. Our hero was to have his “downs” any way.

One day Randolph felt heavy and easily fatigued, and next morning so weak that he could not go to college. He could scarcely believe that fortune had played him such a trick; but there was no doubt of it. He was soon obliged to take to his

bed. He was feverish, had a bad cough, and could eat nothing. Several days passed away, and the more violent symptoms subsided, but he was so weak that he could scarcely walk across the room. His landlady, with a selfishness common to invalids, grumbled at the trouble he gave her. Could he not get up now that he was well? Why did he give way to it? She had been ill for years, and was not half so much pulled down. If he was unwell, why did he not send for a doctor? There was a dispensary doctor came to see her. To be sure, he was just a laddie, and did her no good; but she would send him in when he came.

In spite of our hero's prohibition, she brought him in the same day. He was a modest, country-looking lad. He confessed that he was only a second year medical student, and wanted to call a third year's student in, as the case demanded an experienced practitioner. This Randolph would not allow, for he wished as few people to see his present plight as possible. Mr. Reid, for this was his name, declared as his opinion, that his patient had an attack of influenza. It was now past, and he would slowly recover. Some of Randolph's college friends, hearing of his misfortune, found their way to his lodgings; and he was now in no want

of society or encouragement, only his little stock of money was beginning to disappear. Help, however, was at hand.

One morning his friend John M'Nichol informed our hero that he was empowered to give him the offer of a situation, if he could speak French. Of course he could ; he had been at a French class for two years, and had read the works of Molière, Voltaire, and Corneille. It was to be tutor to a lady, who was going with her children to reside in the south of France. The season was that reduplication of winter, which is called, in Scotland, spring ; and the College Session was now well-nigh over ; so Randolph had little difficulty in accepting the offer, especially as his medical attendant, Mr. Reid, with whom he had become intimate, assured him that it was just the thing to re-establish his constitution.

Randolph was still very weak, and the weather rough and cold ; but he declared that he would endeavour to see the lady. Next day, however, to his great confusion, she came to visit him, with John M'Nichol. She was an elderly person, dressed in black. Her quiet, kind, and gentle manners won the boy's heart at once. One glance at the squalid little room, and she understood all the hard-

ships and privations our hero had suffered during his illness. "Poor fellow, and have you been so ill! However, cheer up; you look rather pale; but we will try to make you strong for our own sakes. I have heard how clever you are, and really must have you for my little boys. Do you not think change of air would do you good? You must come and live with us at once."

She took possession of the lad in such a quiet, kind, motherly way, that he yielded to her at once. He left his lodgings next day, his landlady bitterly regretting his departure, and declaring that now she would have nobody on earth to take care of her. The poor creature was pining under some mortal disease. Randolph soon began to get strong in his new quarters. It was there that I first saw him. He had set about his new charge with much conscientiousness, and had got hold of Lord Chesterfield on "Men and Manners," and a work of Pestalozzi's, if I remember rightly. He asked me a great many questions about France.



## CHAPTER IV.

A LADY OF NATURE'S MOULDING—LE CLIMAT RIAANT DU  
MIDI—RETURNED HOME—GLOOMY FUTURE PROSPECTS  
—THE CHIEF JUSTICE OF BRITISH COLUMBIA—OUR  
ENEMIES SOMETIMES HELP US.

RANDOLPH'S new friend was what people call a character. She had once been a farm servant, and, on being married, had set up a dairy in Edinburgh. The undertaking prospered ; soon they added several cows to their "byres," and finally, by buying and selling cattle, her husband made a great deal of money. When I first knew them, they were still carrying on the dairy establishment. On the death of her husband, Mrs. Gibson retired from business altogether, with about ten thousand pounds. She had four children, one girl and three boys. The eldest, the girl, was fourteen years of age ; the boys perhaps ten, seven, and five, respectively. Her daughter had been long troubled with

some chest complaint ; and the doctor had advised that she should be taken, without any more delay, to a warmer and less changeable climate. Mrs. Gibson was quite terrified at the prospect of such an undertaking ; for she had never been out of Scotland all her life ; hence she was desirous to have some one who might continue the English education of her boys, and help her to meet the difficulty of an unknown tongue. Though, no doubt, the envy of her early friends, Mrs. Gibson's life had, up to this time, been an uncongenial one. Humbly born, and imperfectly educated, Nature, who perpetually confounds the conventional species society tries to create, had endowed this woman with a true sense of the just and proper, and a fine taste. While her husband lived, these qualities could find fewer opportunities for gratification. I remember going to see her when the dairy was still kept up. There were carts loaded with fodder in the court-yard, which was surrounded by "byres" on every side ; I heard cows lowing from the under storey of the house ; and the whole air was odorous of the sacred animals, and obscured with midges. She now lived in a house by the Links. She was plain and unpretending in her manners ; yet this fine taste of hers came out in everything, in the

books she was fond of, in her garden, in the way she arranged her furniture and dressed her children. She did not disdain old acquaintances ; and they, perhaps, drove away finer visitors. •

They left a few days after, Randolph acting as interpreter. They got across the Channel, and tumbled into some railway carriages going southward. Randolph began to speak his best French to an old gentleman sitting opposite. Monsieur made a grimace. Who but a Frenchman ever was able, or will be able, to make a grimace ? Randolph repeated his remark. “ Je suis bon Français qui ne parle pas Anglais,” replied the Frenchman. This was a severe blow to our hero, who followed perfectly well what the people were saying, though it appeared they did not follow him. The party got out at the great station at Rouen. Randolph thought it would be probable, indeed, on reflection, quite certain, that there would be an hotel there. He made some inquiries of a railway guard. The man listened blandly and turned to another, “ Voici des Anglais, qui ne peuvent pas parler un mot de Français.” A polite smile passed over the faces of the two officials at the benighted condition of beings, who had grown up without any proper means of communi-

cating their ideas to one another. The philological guard then stepped up and made some observation to Mrs. Gibson, who looked bewildered and assured him she could not speak French. Randolph, who was afraid of losing the confidence of his party, took the man in hand, and after a little trouble, they succeeded in approaching one another's meaning.

I am not going to prose about the magnificent churches and motley antiquities of the old Norman capital. Mrs. Gibson was particularly interested on seeing the square where Joan of Arc was burned. After a few days in Paris, they again took the road southward.

Mrs. Gibson hired a house in a city on the banks of the Rhone. She was very much pleased with her residence in France. Here she entered into society anew, unburdened by a formal etiquette, or any reminiscences which ill-natured people might revive. They were to return in one year; but winter passed, and they did not appear. It is recorded that, when Clement V. left Rome for Avignon, the cardinals were very unwilling to follow him; but the delicious climate soon made them prefer the Rhone to the Tiber; and when John XXII. wished to return to the ancient seat of the Church, they were unwilling to abandon their



palaces, the ruins of which are still scattered over the rocks on the banks of that beautiful river. They broke out into reproaches. "Bad Pope! Hard-hearted father! Where are you taking your children? Did Jesus Christ our Saviour ever leave his country?" And so it was with our friends. The delightful climate—*le climat riant du midi*—completely lulled all desire to return to those hyperborean regions in which they had been born and bred. Two years passed away before they left the land of the Troubadour. One morning, walking along Princes Street, I was accosted by a young man, with budding moustache and well laid out imperial. He wore a "*foutre*" hat, coat with velvet collar, and wide bluish "pantalons." In his hand he held a small ivory-headed cane. He really was a handsome boy; and I required to be told that this was the pale, stiff-looking youth I had seen two years before. There was a corresponding change in his manner. The natural merriness of his disposition came out more frankly and gracefully. He declared that he was now half a Frenchman, and used a variety of Gallic interjections. After inquiring for the Gibsons, I asked him how he liked getting back to Scotland.

"Oh, *comme cela!*"

“*Passablement bien*,” said I, being a purist in language.

“Breathes there the man with soul so dead” —

“Oh! that’s all very well in its way,” replied he. “But it seems to me that Scotchmen like their country best when they are out of it. It seems to me that there is something thin and sharp in the air of this country. I have felt quite discontented since ever I returned. It is so difficult for a man to get on in Scotland.”

“I suppose there are too many Scotchmen in it,” replied I.

“Shall I make you a cigarette?” said he. “A cigarette, made *à la Française*, with English tobacco, is what I call the combined civilisation of two countries.”

I took the cigarette, and we walked down the Lothian Road, conversing about many things. I, of course, went to call upon Mrs. Gibson. I never saw her so brisk and sprightly before; Tinie Gibson, from a pale, awkward-looking girl, had become a lively, blooming young lady; and the two boys were *bien gentils*. Mrs. Gibson seemed as fond of Randolph as of the rest, and delighted in telling stories about his sayings and doings. He had got

rather wild, but was careful of the boys, who had really improved greatly under his charge. She thought the desire to show them a good example did good to himself too. He had terrified her almost to death by teaching them his own new accomplishments,—to swim in the Rhone, to shoot with pistols, and to fence with foils. In some theoretical matters connected with their education, he was obstinate. Since coming home, Mr. Randolph had become very discontented. Everybody was getting on except himself. His old friends had passed for M.A., and had disappeared, or were studying for the Church; Reid was going up for M.D.; young Hyslop was at the Crimea, and his despatches were appearing in the *Dunnion Chronicle*; Provost Hyslop was in a state of great jubilation. The “county people” would cross the street to inquire after the young hero. Randolph heard all this from Harry Brash, who was coming out for an advocate. Randolph could see no opening for himself; Mrs. Gibson could only help him with money; but he wished an opportunity for investing his own talents, not any one else’s gold.

Mrs. Gibson had too much sense to wish to check his desire to push on in the world. He had no desire to go again to the University; he had fallen

among a new set of people, and was able to estimate more correctly the importance of mere learning, or literary training. After some unsuccessful attempts to get him a situation, Mrs. Gibson said, "I think, Randolph, we must apply to your aunt to help you." But to this he would not listen; he was unable to see how she could help him.

Here it will be necessary to go back a little, to make the reader understand our hero's present situation. The kind-hearted minister of the parish had called to see Randolph, when at Edinburgh, at the General Assembly; but found he had left for France. His landlady, however, who had got her cue, praised his kindness, good behaviour, application, and vast learning, and gave a pathetic account of the want and illness with which he had struggled. The minister's wife repeated the whole in so telling a manner to the neighbours at Ostermarch, that Miss M'Gowan was compelled to write to her nephew, to save appearances. She wrote long pompous letters of advice, warning him against becoming a Catholic, or an infidel; as Randolph answered in a conciliatory manner, a correspondence was fairly established between the two, which had lasted up to this time.

His uncle, Mr. Howard Methyl, was still living



in Altona, near Hamburg. A well-meaning, but weak man, he could not resist temptation; and had gradually yielded to dissipation ever since he had nothing to occupy his mind. In Altona he had fallen among low society, and was nearly as much embarrassed in circumstances as he had been when he left Edinburgh. Indeed, Randolph had helped him from his little purse two or three times.

Miss M'Gowan, in the meantime, had been going on prosperously in her worldly estate. She had added two small properties to the M'Gowan demesne; and had stray fields, houses, and mortgages all over the country. She now lived in a little more style; though hard and avaricious, she was not a miser of the Harpagon school, and liked dignity, albeit in an inferior degree to money. Money and landed property naturally beget dignity and influence. Many of the gentry found it their interest to visit and pay attention to Miss M'Gowan. The sheriff-substitute of the county, who was a distant relation, named his eldest son after her, Henry M'Gowan Colquhoun, in hopes that some of her money should be left to the young gentleman. He was, of course, very assiduous in making himself agreeable, whenever he came to that part of the county. Moreover, another would-be heir to the M'Gowan

property appeared, in the person of a M'Gowan *de sang pur*, second cousin of the present lady. He had been Chief Justice of British Columbia; but had now retired and come to live in Edinburgh. He sent Miss M'Gowan a large oil painting of himself, in the robes and cap in which he passed sentence of death. That lady appeared well pleased with this grim present, and hung it in the dining-room, among other worthies of the Ostermarch family. Mr. M'Gowan's hopes began to rise, and, I dare say he would have had no objections to pass sentence of death on the old lady herself, if he had only been sure that the estate was left to him. But was he sure? The old lady was as close and silent as a catacomb; and that Colquhoun, he was always so dangerously near. Having nothing to occupy his thoughts, the contingency of the Ostermarch estate was always making M'Gowan anxious. He and his wife were proud, arrogant, aspiring people; and the idea of having a family estate was highly captivating. He came to visit Miss M'Gowan in the autumn, and remained several days; but, although he went out shooting, and brought in a large bag of game every day, he was doubtful whether she was not glad when he left. Miss M'Gowan did not like running about as usual

on house-keeping business, under the eye of such a fine visitor. Ostermarch was an out-of-the-way corner of the county; and it was difficult to find an occasion for passing that way. He tried going to see Mr. Colquhoun, but soon found that *that* gentleman took no pleasure in his company.

“The best thing we can do,” said Mrs. M’Gowan to the Chief Justice, “is to get the old lady to come to see us.”

“A very good idea,” replied her consort. “The thing is worth investing in. However, I question if she can be got to leave her own house.”

“I’ll manage that,” said Mrs. M’Gowan. So she wrote a letter, mentioning a number of old friends in Edinburgh, who had the most ardent desire to see Miss M’Gowan. She found her name a great passport to society; she could assure her (Miss M’Gowan) that she was not forgotten in Edinburgh.

Miss M’Gowan took all this with great reservation; but people, when they get flattery in too large doses, generally put by what they cannot swallow, and return to it again. Miss M’Gowan was, on the whole, pleased with the letter; but it would scarcely have allured her to Edinburgh, had she not at the same time got another from Mrs. Gibson,

giving Randolph all the virtues and graces she thought would be acceptable in the eyes of his aunt, and urging her to do something to push him on in the world. Miss M'Gowan wrote to Mrs. Gibson that she was coming to Edinburgh in a few days, and to Mrs. M'Gowan that she had much pleasure in accepting her invitation.

O miseras hominum mentes!  
O pectora cœca!

Have not the wicked fallen into their own pit? Imagine the complacent note of the Columbians on hearing that the Ostermarchienne was coming, and αἰ παπαῖ φεῦ φεῦ! ah! alas! alack-a-day! heu! heu! hélas! wah! afsos! oimè! ach! hech! ugh! ohon! Pity, kind reader, the bitterness of their regret.

In their house Miss M'Gowan again met her vagrant nephew, and was highly pleased with him. Moreover, she called on Mrs. Gibson, and was actually pleased with her too.

“Is that not a person who once sold milk?” gasped the Chief Justice, losing all command of himself, when he heard his cousin avow so improper a partiality.

“I dare say she has,” said Miss M'Gowan, sharply. The old gentlewoman did not like any allusion to the sale of agricultural produce.



“That was an unfortunate touch of yours about that Mrs. Gibson,” said the Chief Justicess, when her spouse and she were left alone.

“Unfortunate! The whole affair is unfortunate, altogether; bringing her here, especially,” yelped the learned Judge.

“Ah, well we know our danger now,” said the lady. “I was thinking the best thing was to try and get rid of the lad.”

“I do not think we shall find that very easy,” replied Mr. M’Gowan.

“Well, I do not know,” quoth the lady. “He wishes to get a situation somewhere. Could you not get him a post to send him out of the country?”

“Ah, that would do,” said the Chief Justice, highly delighted; “but I do not know where to get him one. I have no interest with the present ministry.”

“I think I could get him a cadetship in India,” suggested Mrs. M’Gowan. “Would that not do?”

“Oh, better than any place!” answered the Judge. When the good intentions of his friends were made known to Randolph, his gratitude was extreme. He reproached himself keenly for having thought unkindly of the M’Gowans, whom he had imagined to be very cold and stiff.

## CHAPTER V.

HOW ONE GOT A CADETSHIP IN THE AGE OF BRASS—THE  
AGE OF IRON—AN EVENING AT THE M'GOWANS'—FARE-  
WELL TO BONNY SCOTLAND—HE TO INDIA WENT ALONE  
—RANDOLPH'S JOURNAL.

THE means Mrs. M'Gowan took to obtain a cadetship for her new protégé were very simple. She had an aunt, who possessed a great many India shares, an unmarried old lady, who lived in Fettes Row, very kind-hearted, and enthusiastic.

“Oh, dear aunt,” said Mrs. M'Gowan, “there is such a fine young man, a nephew of your friend, Miss M'Gowan's, whom Mr. M'Gowan wishes to take by the hand.”

“Ah, what a kind creature Mr. M'Gowan is!” said Miss Campbell; “you must bring the young gentleman down to call for me; you know I like to see nice young men.”

“Of course I shall. We were trying to get him some situation. Do you think you could get him

a cadetship in the East India Company?" Mrs. M'Gowan said a number of amiable things of Randolph, and brought him up to see her. The old lady was highly delighted with our hero.

Occasionally, when there was a vacancy in the East Indian Direction, candidates for the privilege of governing that continent would present themselves at Miss Campbell's door; but, as she did not care about so many strange gentlemen calling, she never let them in. They tried to make a favourable impression on the servant, sent in their cards, and went docilely away.

"Jeanie," said the old lady, "have there been any candidates for the East Indian Direction here lately?"

"There was one yesterday, and two old clothesmen," answered Jeanie, an ignorant country girl.

"Well, if any more come, show the gentlemen into the drawing-room; I mean, of course, India gentlemen."

Next day Jeanie informed her mistress that the drawing-room contained one of those desirable personages—Capt. Scrimmitch, of the Bombay army, a tall, lemon-complexioned, fidgety-looking old gentleman. He bowed to Miss Campbell, and stated his claims.

“I shall be very happy to vote for you, Captain ; and I think I could get a few more ; and, as one good turn deserves another,” said the old lady, plainly, “I hope you won’t object to get a cadetship for a young friend of mine.”

The gallant Captain looked grave and conscientious.

“Do you think he is well fitted to bear himself honourably in the Company’s service?”

“Oh, an exceedingly fine young man ; I shall be most happy to ask him up to tea to meet you,” said Miss Campbell, enthusiastically.

“Then you think he would make a valuable public servant?”

“I am sure of that.”

The Captain still looked doubtful. “Has he studied Sanscrit?”

“What is that?” said the lady.

“The Sanscrit language.”

“Oh, yes, he can read Greek, I know ; I am sure he knows Samsgrit almost as well as you do yourself ; and he speaks French : that will be useful to him in India, won’t it?”

“Possibly it may,” replied the gallant Captain, smiling.

“Do the Peasoys speak Samgrit?”



“ I beg your pardon, ma’am.”

“ The Peasoys ; I thought you called the Hindu soldiers that.”

“ Oh, the Sepoys ! ha ! ha ! excuse me for laughing.”

Things went on prosperously ; Captain Scrimmitch was made director of the East India Company, and renewed his promise to get our hero a commission. The Chief Justice wrote an elaborate letter to Miss M’Gowan, announcing that her nephew was “ splendidly provided for, and, if he lived, was sure to be a general, and make an immense fortune.”

Such was the way in which admission was occasionally gained into the service of the East India Company ; but, after he was in, “ every man had an equal chance of getting to the front.”

We have altered all that, and altered it for the worse ; all commissions are now for sale ; and money gets a man promoted over the heads of his betters. Should the system not be extended to the Church ?

It is no more indecorous selling a congregation, or a bishopric, than a company, or a regiment ; in fact, much less so ; because the congregation can look out for a pastor for themselves, if they are not

satisfied ; whereas, the regiment *must* follow any blockhead, who leads them to destruction, if he has only paid our Government the bribe.

Randolph would fain have shown his gratitude for the cadetship, by cultivating the society of the M'Gowans. This was too great a privilege for him. Indeed, their friendship was, like the order of the Bath, a proof, in itself, of distinguished rank, wealth, obsequiousness, or success. The number of their friends was strictly limited ; and when they got a new one, high up on the social scale, they generally cut off one at the bottom of their list. Mr. M'Gowan was a dark-haired, dark-eyed man, with a forbidding appearance, and solemn deportment, as if he were continually passing sentence of death. His abilities were moderate, but his powers of application considerable. His wife was fair, taller than he, and much cleverer ; as haughty, though not so stiff. Randolph was fain to carry his gratitude direct to Miss Campbell, who was always pleased to see him. He still remained with Mrs. Gibson, but attended classes in the Military Academy. He and Reid formed a friendship such as men only can do at that age.

One day they went together to the Surgeons' Museum ; and Reid took a particular pleasure in

pointing out all the preparations and drawings of gunshot wounds. "I think," said Randolph, "there are very few of them compared to the trophies of the surer aim of the doctors."

People generally conceive of India as a land full of ivory boxes, diamonds, muslins, turquoises, missionaries, Cashmere shawls, Anglo-Indians with diseased livers, Nawabs, poor heathens, clay idols, tigers, and furnace heat. Our hero, however, had a more solid idea of that continent, from the frequent yarns of his uncle, Mr. Howard Methyl. Much he justly considered hyperbolical, but he had a general persuasion that there were many desirable things in India. He had caught up a glowing notion of the richness of its soil, of the fertility of its plains, of the beauty of its rivers, of the plenty of game, of the fine horses to ride and the wild beasts to hunt, and of the numerous servants and high position an Englishman enjoys in India. Moreover, he had not got rid of the traditional myth of the enormous riches he could easily acquire. The end of all their talking was that Reid got interested about India, went up to London, and gained an assistant-surgeonship by competition. Randolph began to be seriously afraid that he would be superannuated; but a vacancy appeared in time, and he

made his preparations for leaving shortly. He went to visit his aunt at Ostermarch, who received him much more kindly than she had ever done before, and gave him a hundred and fifty pounds for his passage and outfit.

He was invited to a very fine party at the Columbia M'Gowan's. I don't know how many Edinburgh reputations were there—Lords of Session, Professors, Advocates, and eligibly wealthy merchants and brewers. They spent the evening, as was fashionable at Edinburgh about this time, in mesmerising one another, and enumerating their mesmeric feats and experiences. One lady pointed out the folly of not believing in ghosts; another, her researches into the art of making herself invisible. A third expatiated on two bran-new complementary colours which she had observed in the dark, streaming from a nine-bar magnet. One learned gentleman affected the company much by describing the pangs he had suffered, owing to his bed being placed east and west, instead of north and south. A distinguished scientific character explained a telegraph, which he intended to construct, by means of two snails placed in magnetic rapport with one another. They were then to be transported to two separate places; and on one of them being pricked,



no matter how far the other snail was off, it would wince sympathetically, which was surely as good as the vibrations of magnetic needles, minus the expense of telegraph wire. Mr. M'Gowan himself was fraught with "od," had a great "mesmerising polarity," and one of his servants was a clairvoyante. He set to work to mesmerise Randolph, who, pretending to yield to his influence, held up his hand, and opened and shut his eyes, as the mesmeriser suggested. At last Mr. M'Gowan ordered him to go upon the table, when our hero sat down upon a chair, and declared that he would do no such thing, to the great amusement of the whole company. He was hypnotised at last by being made to look at a cork. He was, however, very much delighted at having *done* Mr. M'Gowan.

Heu infelix juvenis !

He had to pass an examination in London, and be "sworn in." The swearing in consisted in a row of cadets promising to be faithful servants to the Company, who were represented by half-a-dozen old gentlemen sitting before a table reading the newspapers. The cadets were now directed to kiss a mouldy old copy of the Prayer-book of the Church of England. One of the gentlemen then gave them

some good advice. "The Sepoys," he remarked, "they would find to be noble, affectionate, and faithful creatures; next to the British, the finest soldiers in the world, who would follow them everywhere if properly led. The position of the young officers was enviable; their pay would be ample, and they would have glorious opportunities of distinguishing themselves."

Our hero determined to pass through France, in order to bid good-bye to French friends, and take the mail from Marseilles. Here we should like to give our readers some idea of his character and personal appearance. He was of sanguine, nervous temperament, about five feet ten inches high, with broad shoulders, and a well-developed figure, an oval head, brown hair, and amiable and placid-looking features, the nose slightly over *moyenne*. His complexion was fair and his moustache lighter than his hair. His features, when at rest, were winning and gentle; but his glance was intelligent, and his expression, when awakened, was lively and animated. His voice modulated itself without effort to the passing thought and emotion. His most prominent moral qualities were, to use phrenological terms, firmness, love of approbation, hope, benevolence, and ideality;

perhaps the firmness was more the result of his training; it often degenerated into obstinacy. I do not wish to deify will, or resolution, or doggedness, apart from intellect, kindness, and judgment—a paradox which a vigorous writer, sadly deficient in moderation, has already worn to rags. Our hero, at every period of his life, would rather have been loved than feared, though he would rather have been feared than looked down upon. His taste was on the whole stronger than his ambition. He was impatient of restraint; and did not like to be interfered with. His intellectual faculties were very good. The great diffusion of education and easy access to means of information have given us a nearer idea of the average number of men of capacity, at least in a literary direction; and, although we do not get fresh Shakespeares or Dantes, yet we get a much larger number of vigorous and fluent writers; and, moreover, hundreds of cultivated men quite as clever, who, either from want of ambition, or from indolence, do not take to writing or politics. Among such I would place our hero. We have an extensive class of literature which employs itself in asserting and illustrating the existence of men of ability, courage, and capacity, who have not gained any noisy out-of-door reputa-

tion. Our hero could play on the flute indifferently well, and was fond of drawing. His manners were easy and natural, as became one who had lived so long in France. Like most people of his temperament, he was fond of athletic sports, and rather vain of his skill in them. A finer education, one better calculated to draw out and exercise a man's powers, mental and moral, he could scarcely have received. Perhaps his perceptive faculties had been too little cultivated; but this is the ordinary effect of a European learned education. Such was Randolph Methyl, now on the verge of his majority, entering on the estate of a noble manhood, such as many a puny prince might envy.

None but those who have felt it can conceive of the sorrow of leaving one's fatherland to go to some strange place—

Where half the convex world intrudes between.

No one knows how deep the root of his affections has struck into the land of his birth; how many little fibrils and runners wander in all directions, surrounding even things and people unimpressible and exclusive as stones. No one knows it, till the wrench comes, and he is torn away, bleeding, faint, and drooping, to strike a timid root into another



soil. No one indeed knows how many people in his own land take a friendly interest in his welfare. In a foreign country, it is easy to count your friends; perhaps you may count too many; but, at home, how many and dear are those whose childhood and boyhood are for ever mixed with ours! How many pleasant and hospitable houses, and dear old spots, that our memory must haunt for ever! And to leave them all, to go away as it were to another world, and, ah, me! it is just when we are going away that friends are kindest, and that these old familiar spots and things touch the breast with their silent sweetness. It is as like dying as one could feel and yet remain alive!

Randolph was weighed down with sadness when the time drew nigh to bid farewell to his old friends; desert the poor little chamber that had sheltered him so long; abandon his old books, or stuff them into those new, unfamiliar trunks, that stood like coffins in his room. He was much affected on parting with kind old Mrs. Gibson. All that she could prevail on him, at first, to take, was twenty pounds, to save him going round the Cape; but, when he was bidding her farewell, she gave him a pocket-book with eighty pounds in it, which he had not the heart to refuse.

“It is easy to get to India,” said a young Frenchman to me ; “you have only to go on board ship, take thirty bad dinners, and then you are there arrived.” The reader has probably heard enough about the Overland route ; and yet something new might always be learned from an intelligent observer. Lord Bacon has remarked, that people oftener keep a diary on a sea-voyage than during a land-journey, although the latter is much more interesting. It is clear from this that he never was in a large passenger steamer, on a long cruise. Men are here thrown together, with nothing to do, save to observe one another ; and in an Indian steamer there are sure to be notabilities, who would even interest a Lord Chancellor. Our hero, of course, kept a note-book. It contains some interesting passages ; the following is among the happiest :—

“This morning I heard the voice of a Frenchman, in my berth, in a delighted tone, ‘Ah, we *are* arrived !’ We were entering the harbour of Alexandria. Our deck was soon covered with Egyptians, and, indeed, men of all nations, whose appearance apprised us that we were leaving civilisation for a time. Most of them seemed to be clad in sacks, to which sleeves had been added. Their legs were

without any covering, save a pretty thick coating of dirt. They wore slippers, and their feet were fully and strongly formed. One would imagine they had come for their own private amusement. They pulled ropes up and down, singing away in chorus ; the luggage next caught their attention, they sprang upon it, and, forming themselves into a line, pushed the boxes, one by one, towards the boat, the last man banging it down with an easy violence. The passengers were assembled, looking over the sides of the ship, each one watching the fate of some fragile box, or package of delicate contents. Many were the imprecations if they were broken, and much the satisfaction if they escaped—the native porters regarding neither. After this the mails were taken out, tin boxes about a foot long, and of various colours, according to their destination. *They* were handled much more carefully. How much affection, and pleasure, and fate, and mourning, and business, and gossip were contained therein, to be spread all over the East. It was like the spirit who, in the Arabian story, came out of a small copper vessel, and then spread like a cloud over sea and land, in the end moulding itself into the form of a giant speaking with a voice of thunder. So these little boxes are

destined to switch over the desert on the backs of dromedaries ; to lie in the hold of Indian steamers ; and, at last, to be opened and scattered over India, by mail-cart, and runner, and peon, causing many faces to turn pale, and many to smile and laugh, bringing much wailing and sorrow, and stirring many hearts. For parents will learn by them that they have no children, and children that they are orphans ; and lovers will know if their troth is kept or broken ; and there will be kind greetings, and gentle replies, all coming from the hollows of these painted cases. Such cunning is there in the invention of men. All honour to the unknown sage who first expressed the elements of sound by written symbols.

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The reader will readily excuse us skipping over the rest of our hero's voyage : imagine him safe out of the Red Sea, and, after a fortnight's steaming through the Indian Ocean, gazing on the yellow waters of the holy Ganges.



## CHAPTER VI.

OUR HERO FIRST SETS FOOT ON "INDIA'S CORAL STRAND."

A FEW hours brought them up the Hooghly. Randolph was delighted at the beauty of the country. "You do not know, my boy, what a glorious land you are coming to," said an indigo planter. As they neared Calcutta, the excitement of the old passengers rose with every returning object. They passed numerous trading vessels creeping up the river, with what winds would help them; they glided by the botanical gardens, and soon were at Garden Reach. Every now and then a dull, brown-looking mass floated by, emitting the most noisome foetor. "What is that?" said Randolph, as a most overpowering odour came from one of them struck by the ship's prow.

"Oh, only the body of a Bengali, floating down the river," said the Indigo planter.

"The body of a Bengali—dear me!" cried

Randolph, in horror. "And what is that?" pointing to a second dusky mass.

"Why, that is another of them."

"Another of them!"

"Do you not know the natives throw the bodies of their relations, when dead, into the Gunga—the holy river, you know? and sometimes, they say, their old parents, while they are yet alive."

"And what becomes of the bodies?"

"Why, most of them are eaten by the magars, and the rest go into the sea."

"Eaten by whom?" said Randolph, who thought this must be some savage tribe living in the Sunderbunds.

"The alligators," said the old planter. "Don't you know what a magar is?"

"Such horrible people!" he said; "what makes them so bad to their parents?"

"Oh, they are not bad to their parents at all. There is no country where parents are more respected and loved, and hold their authority longer over their children, than in India; and no wonder, they are so fond of their children when young, especially their little boys."

Here the old gentleman lighted his cigar, and

left Randolph to digest those rather inconsistent bits of information.

At last they stopped at the landing-place. A number of boats presently surrounded the ship; people climbed the ladders, and greeted their friends among the passengers. News of all kinds were eagerly asked and given. The temporary connection which had held so many of the passengers together was loosed at the sight of Garden Reach, like an alkali restored to its old affinities by the electric battery; and they now occupied themselves in getting their luggage put aside to be ready to quit the ship, some of them to meet again in the Calcutta hotels, only for another and wider separation. But he who goes there, must learn betimes to part. To the young gentleman, officer or civilian, who lands in India, we should tender this advice: Never love anything but yourself, if you wish to save the pain of twenty partings and bereavements.

Randolph bade his friends among the passengers affectionately good bye, as they went away down the ladder. They were busy with their luggage, shrieking out directions in English, Hindustani, or Bengali, to the coolies, who were continually dragging away the wrong trunks, so that some of the

passengers landed with double their quatum; that part which did not belong to them they left lying on the shore. As might be expected, they answered our hero's greetings rather carelessly, some indeed not at all. He was very discontented, and felt quite desolate in his lonely condition. When the Calcutta letters had been delivered to the ship at Kedgerree, near the mouth of the river, well nigh all the passengers had got letters from their friends on shore; but none came for him. He had, moreover, been told that it was very likely that all the hotels in Calcutta would be filled, and he should be obliged to sleep out of doors. He had been advised to stay all night in the ship, as it was getting late, but the desire to be on shore was too strong. He got his trunks into a boat, and in a few minutes it touched the ghát. He consoled himself by reflecting, that Clive, and other great heroes and commanders, had landed in worse plight. He sprang lightly ashore, with the air of a conqueror leaning on his sword, which, enclosed in its oil-silk case, looked more like an umbrella. He was turning round majestically, to order his saddle-case to be removed with care, when a heavy hand was laid upon his shoulder.

“Ah, how are you, Methyl? I guessed you



would be here. Come, I'll get your luggage all right for you; I suppose you don't know the language yet."

Here our friend Dr. Reid, who had only landed a fortnight before, commenced repeating, with a loud voice, but perceptible difficulty, a number of sentences to the coolies in the ghát, six or seven of whom seized each box and dragged it along, like so many ants pulling at a dead fly.

Reid had a coach in waiting, and advised Randolph to come with him that night to the General Hospital. He could report himself next day at the Town Major's office, and get quarters in the Fort, if he wished them.

Our hero was very well pleased to find a friend with so little trouble; and was delighted to be again on shore. His pleasure was not diminished by a supper, consisting of bread and butter, guava jelly, and a bottle of wine, which he thought the greatest delicacies imaginable, after the trash he had eaten on board the ship. He went on talking with his friend and another assistant-surgeon.

"How are you pleased with Calcutta?" asked he.

"Well, we have little reason to be so," replied his friend.

“How is that?” Randolph said, getting alarmed.

“Oh, we are very poorly off, and ill paid here. It is not pleasant being boots in any place. We have only a hundred and seventy-four rupees a month.”

“How much is that?”

“Seventeen pounds, in round numbers. To reduce rupees to pounds, you have only to take out the last nothing. But you see that it is very little here, as every one needs things they can want at home. We have no horse, for example, and must go out to walk on the course, amongst the natives, who stare at us, and set us down for sailors, while the civilians and merchants’ clerks cover us with dust from their horses and buggies.”

“The civilians get a little dust, too, now and then,” said the other assistant-surgeon, smiling.

“Ay, in the shape of four hundred rupees a month.”

“What a bad pun!”

“Why, it’s your own. I was going to say I saw one of them thrown from his horse this morning. He was brought to his house on a palki, and his syce rode the horse home, looking quite braggadocio.”

“Very few of them can ride,” said Randolph’s friend.

"They'll soon learn," said Randolph; "and I suppose they are very clever fellows—I mean, those that passed the competitions."

"I suppose they are," said the other; "and they are so satisfied with having proved their ability in that way, that they won't allow their talents to come out in any other."

"Have you seen any of them?" asked our hero.

"Oh, yes; I have had that privilege," rejoined the Doctor. "I have seen several of them now; and find, as indeed everybody has, that they are very ordinary people; some of them sticks, some sharp and shallow; some of them shallow and not sharp; one or two of them sharp and not shallow; and a good many of them excessively vulgar, as indeed are a few of those that got in by the other door."

"There are one or two clerks and schoolmasters among them," said the other assistant-surgeon; "and two or three had already ground for an examination in arts; when they went up, one of them was starving in London, with a wife and four children."

"That is rather a credit to the examination system," said Randolph, "if it saves men of learning and accomplishments from starving."

“ Well, they might not be so uplifted,” said the other ; “ for it is curious to notice how high some of these new-fledged *grandees* are ; but ‘ give a beggar a horse, and he’ll ride to the devil.’ ”

Randolph thought it was very strange that if the civilians, who had gained their places by competition, were no better than those who got them by interest, the wisest heads of the realm should have failed so utterly in trying to erect a criterion of abilities. By what a lucky inspiration must the Directors of the East India Company have been guided, that their clients should at least equal the best men in the Universities. “ After all,” said he, “ a man who has passed such an examination must be no fool. Warren Hastings would have got in through the competition way, but it was a mere chance that he got in through the other.”

“ And,” quoth the Doctor, “ Lord Canning would have got in, too, for he was a first-class man in his day ; but whether he is a good Governor-General or not, people are beginning to question.”

Next day Randolph reported himself at the Fort ; where he got quarters, that is, a ruinous-looking, dusty room, with the punkah lying in one corner. His friend managed to procure him a little furniture without paying more than double the proper price,



and engaged for him the necessary servants. He took his meals at the cadets' mess. They were noisy, thoughtless lads, fresh from school, full of fun and horse-play, exulting to be out of the reach of their parents' or teachers' control. Randolph, though ready to join in some of their frolics, soon got quite enough of them. He made the acquaintance of Major Campbell, an officer in the Company's service, who was residing in the Fort, under the care of the Surgeon of the Ophthalmic Hospital, for an obscure affection of the eyes, which his regimental surgeon doubted his ability to treat. Randolph was always willing to read to him, or write his letters. The fresh and joyous spirits of the cadet cheered away the anxiety of the Major, who took a great attachment to our hero, and tried to be of use to him in every possible way. His advice and encouragement were highly useful to Randolph. He told him that though his pay was even lower than the assistant-surgeon's, he would be able to live well enough on it, if careful, when sent up country. "I wonder," said he, "they don't send you to Barrackpore, where you could live cheaper." He showed him that if he worked hard, and passed the examinations well, he was sure of getting a good appointment of some kind or other.

As Randolph determined to learn the languages, he engaged a munshi. He was a young Mahomedan, with good features, but, like most Bengalis, very weakly made. Randolph, remembering his own experience, and the munshi's pretensions to learning—which embraced, besides a tolerable knowledge of English, Arabic, Persian, Hindustani, and Bengali, a darkly-hinted knowledge of Sanscrit—was disposed to treat him with great deference, as one would a tutor at home; but the first day showed him the munshi rather regarded himself in the light of a servant. He happened to be out with his friend at the time when he had appointed to meet the munshi: the said munshi left the following letter for the Major, who had engaged him for Randolph, after examining him strictly, to test his efficiency in acquirements and teaching:—

TO MAJOR CAMPBELL.

HONOURED SIR,—Will you inform Mr. Methyl that your obedient munshi, being present at the promised time, and expecting for a long while, he went away with despondency from his service? I hope you are quite well.

Your obedient munshi.

On the back was the scroll of the paper before it had received the last touches from the tasteful hand of the author:—

TO MAJOR CAMPBELL.

HONOURED SIR, — Will you inform Mr. Methyl that your obedient munshi returned despondent, after arriving and expecting for a long (minute *deleted*) time; and he was present at the promised time, *i.e.*, half-past two o'clock? I hope you are well.

This production of the munshi's had, as may be imagined, a very pleasant effect on the gentlemen concerned.

“ You must take care and make him teach you good Hindustani, and not those jaw-breaking terms which munshis are so fond of,” said Major Campbell to him. “ Reading Hindustani books won't do you much good. The ‘ Bagh-o-Bahar,’ which is made your text-book by general orders, is just as much Hindustani as Dr. Johnson's ‘ Rambler’ is English. I have tried it by reading a page to my servants; but they could not understand it. I thought this was owing to their want of intelligence, and tried it on people of more education, such as Hindoo merchants, and others, but they merely said, ‘ How can we understand a Persian book?’ To finish the thing off, a munshi whom I got to teach me Persian brought this very production, which Dr. Forbes calls the best book in the Hindustani language, and proposed it as an

elementary book in Persian. This was going rather far, since a pakha Persian would understand it as little as a Hindoo."

"Few of these munshis," said Randolph, "speak Hindustani as their native language. They are most of them Bengalis, and, I suppose, cannot find out the words in common use."

"You must just try and learn as much as you can," said the Major; "and when you get to your regiment, you will pick up the vernacular from the Sepoys. There are so many bolis, or dialects, that one is quite at sea. The Hindoos, as a rule, avoid Mussulman words, and talk what they call Hindi; and the Mahomedans are fond of using Persian and Arabic expressions. In the Punjaub, the language is as different from that spoken at Delhi or Lucknow, as Scotch is from English. You will, however, find in time, that there is a *lingua franca*, Hindi, or camp language, as they call it, which, with a little practice in pronunciation, will make you understood everywhere; but this you can only pick up through daily use, and not through munshis, dictionaries, or grammars."

Randolph had only one letter of introduction; it was to a young competition civilian. Not having much experience in the world, he attached great



importance to its being delivered. He found the civilian, Mr. Paterson, in a boarding-house in Calcutta. He received him very graciously, and asked him to dinner next day. He told him to come a few hours sooner, when he would take him to the China bazaar, which, he said, was the most amusing sight in the city. Calcutta has been called the "city of palaces;" and, no doubt, a Bengali from his village of bamboo huts, or a Santhal, from his little burrow of reeds, may believe every stone house a palace; yet there is scarcely a fine public building in it; and one who has seen the Tuileries would scarcely dare to include Government House under the same term. The finest part of Calcutta is Chowringhee. It is composed of a number of large, handsome houses, with verandahs and balconies above, and their windows guarded by venetian blinds on the outside. Each mansion has a dusty little garden. They are built round "the course," a dried-up park, which stretches to the Hooghly, and each on the northern side is invaded upon by the Fort. It is neither a fine native city, like Delhi or Jeypore, nor a fine European city, like Naples or Marseilles. The best streets are built in a modified European style, and have English names, such as Free-school Street, Old Court-

house Street, which no native messenger or coachman can remember, or even pronounce. Its situation contrasts most unfavourably with that of Bombay. It is only twenty-five feet above the level of the sea, which is seventy miles off. The sea breeze comes poisoned by the malaria of a large tract of low and half-submerged country towards the mouth of the river, called the Sunderbunds. Yet it is a good position, both for conquering and keeping India.

Randolph did not fail at the appointed time, when Mr. Paterson was waiting, with another of the competition, a Mr. White, who greeted our hero with good-natured condescension. He informed Randolph, or rather Mr. Paterson, in a dexterous, indirect series of remarks, that civilians were no ordinary people; that their pay was good, and very properly so; and that they could now do very well without military men, as the government of British India had been brought to such a pitch of perfection, that it could be carried on by native troops, with native officers, or perhaps, as he suspected, entirely by the police, with European magistrates directing all things, and getting much honour, and pay, for so doing.

Randolph was delighted with the China bazaar.

It was something that any European could appreciate: a narrow street of little shops, stuffed full of beautiful merchandise—lamps, silks, jewels, watches, china and ivory ornaments, besides wares of a less decorative kind. When the coach entered the narrow bazaar, it was immediately surrounded by clamorous merchants, in their white dresses, eager to cheat.

“Oh, you istep here; all gentlemans buy from me; I honest man.”

“Oh, yes, he very goot man!”

“Oh, no; he him recommend, he his partner; dat not honest man; what you want I have.”

They alighted into one shop to buy some cloth; the wily merchant placed chairs for them, and gave them each a cigar, calculating they could not go out without buying something. He himself squatted on a mat, and ordered his shop people to bring the different goods.

Here it may be necessary to explain, that there is no fixed price in the East, where everything is a game of skill between the buyer and the seller, at which our honest countrymen are generally prodigious losers. To buy anything in the first shop that one enters, is either a sign that he is a fresh-

man, or that he is a marvellously sharp one, and knows the prices very exactly. The shop-keeper has what he calls an asking price and a real price, or rather cost, as the word may be more properly translated.

“What is the price of this piece of cloth, Baboo?”

“Oh, dat four rupees de yard; dat berry cheep.”

“You rogue! do you think I’ll give you that for it?”

“Gentlemen know price; what give?”

They stuttered out what might be about double the real value. The baboo showed great reluctance: “Dat I not give; I lose. Buy dat from you at so much.”

On their rising, however, to go away, he relaxed, and offered to give them it at a rupee and a half, and then came down to three annas above the offered price of one rupee.

“Oh, sit down, take chair; I ishow you something, I like isee gentlemen in ishop. Because dat I give you cheep, I lose.”

“Yes, we are civilians,” said Mr. White, allowing the words to glide from his mouth as if in a soliloquy.

“Oh, yes, I know it,” said the oily rogue,



making a salam, which almost brought his turban to the floor. He then showed them a number of rich goods—cashmeres, native silks, muslins, and European cloth of all kinds; and they departed, having bought a number of articles at double the price, and half pugaries at twice the money that any native would pay for a whole one.

“Oh, you made one iscrew bargain,” cried the scoundrel after them.

Mr. White traced this successful transaction to his own sharpness, in which he was confirmed by his bearer, whom he sent to fetch away the goods, complaining that the shop-keeper would not give him the small customary present on the price of these articles. The servant said this was a great insult; but Mr. White viewed it rather as a proof of extreme closeness of the bargain into which the baboo had been inveigled by his civilian self. Randolph bought a tea-pot and a lamp. They were both of them showy articles, and not dear; only the bottom of the tea-pot melted the first time it went on the fire; and the lamp indulged in a disagreeable habit of going out every five minutes, which it must have acquired after being bought, for the shop-keeper swore that it was all right at the time.

They met Dr. Reid, who was also a friend of Mr. Paterson's, in a palki, and so they invited him to dinner, for which meal they went to their boarding-house.

## CHAPTER VII.

THE CONVERSATION OF FOUR YOUNG GENTLEMEN UPON MATRIMONY, AND OTHER SUBJECTS OF UNIVERSAL INTEREST.—“FIRST A DINNER AND THEN A DANCE.”

AFTER the desire of food and drink had been satiated, the four gentlemen went up to the roof of the house, to enjoy the cool of the evening and smoke cigars. For the benefit of the residue of the world, it would have been well if a reporter had attended to take down the brilliant conversation that took place on the house-top. It turned upon the monuments of Lycia, which Mr. White much regretted had not been visited by himself instead of Mr. Fellowes, who, he said, was no scholar. In order to prove that he himself was one, he gave, for the benefit of Randolph and the assistant-surgeon, a sketch of the sources whence the ancients derived their supply of gold—Persia, Spain, and the African Tarshish, which he had read about in a popular treatise on the trade of antiquity. At

last "the flow of soul" descended to topics less abstruse.

"Who was that young gentleman, with a lady, who dined at table?"

"Oh, that is one of *us*," said Mr. White. "He married just before he left England."

"Did you hear that Reynold, too, is married, and has left his wife at home?" said Paterson.

"I wonder you did not do so yourself," rejoined Mr. White.

Paterson's face became a little red at such an allusion. "Why, I never thought of it," said he. Upon which all the four gentlemen, who were very young, gave an interested giggle.

"Oh, you could easily get a wife in Calcutta," said Mr. White. "There are plenty of girls here who would be thankful to get a civilian; 'three hundred pounds a year, dead or alive,' as the saying goes."

"I think you might get plenty offers, especially if your health was breaking up," said the assistant-surgeon.

"I suppose the young ladies run after you gentlemen very hard?" observed Randolph.

"Yes," mildly answered Mr. White; "we are a little victimised in that way."



“But must submit to it, like the ladies in the ‘Beggar’s Opera,’” put in Randolph, naughty boy.

“Would you not think of trying the length of your own patience, Reid?” said Mr. Paterson.

“Well, I should not like exactly to take White’s leavings; not but I think he might leave the best,” replied Reid, speaking with much hesitation.

“Did you hear that Miss Neil has secured a civilian?” said Paterson. “They say young Muir is spoony about her. A very beautiful girl has come by the last mail, a Miss Winnington. Do you remember such a lady in the ship, Mr. Methyl?”

Randolph blushed scarlet, on which the other three gentlemen fell upon him with all kinds of banter. Randolph was of course very indignant; but had the sense to conceal it as much as he could, and applied his mind to get up a reply.

“I should not wonder he’ll be married before any of us; he is the fastest young fellow I ever knew.”

“I thought it was slow young fellows that got married soonest,” said Randolph.

“What was that?” cried Mr. Paterson. “You know I am a little deaf, with a cold I have got.”

“A very good preparation for getting married,”

said Randolph, flushed with the success of his first sally. "When the last census returns were given in, a man wrote against his name under the head Deaf: 'No; wish I was!' and under that of his wife, Dumb: 'No; wish she was.'"

This seemed to affect Mr. Paterson. "I fear," he said, "my deafness will not continue long enough. I have heard a wife gives a great deal of trouble in India, and suspect there is no country in which celibacy is more excusable; besides, I would not marry any one here. We only get the refuse from home."

"Oh, that is not always the case," said Randolph. "There are plenty of very respectable young ladies, daughters of officers, who come out to their parents in the country."

"Perhaps we shall see Methyl's flame at the ball, on Thursday, to be given in honour of Scindia," said Reid.

"Are *you* going there?" inquired White.

"Yes; we got an invitation, though these jack-anapes of aide-de-camps forgot us at the last spree in the Government House."

"Oh, *that* was very select; only the highest military officers were there. What I like best are the 'at-homes' which Lord Canning gives; they

are so pleasant and sociable. Lady Canning is a most agreeable person, and must have been very beautiful," added he, looking at Mr. Paterson.

"Quite a mother to you, I suppose," said Reid; a remark which was by no means appreciated by Messrs. White and Paterson.

"I do not believe," cried Randolph, on he and Dr. Reid's coming out of the house together, "that that creature White ever passed the competition at all. I'd swear his papers were mistaken for those of somebody else; the name is so common."

"Hum! You talk as if an examination created genius, instead of testing talents," said Reid. "The examiners take the men that come before them, and give them so many hours to answer so many questions, and classify the men by the number answered, and the way they answer them. The candidates have little time for reflection. Memory is the principal faculty tested; he who knows many things superficially, and in a readily available form, has the best chance. It is not he who knows most that answers most glibly. Those who stand highest at the first examination fall often sadly behind at the succeeding one the selected candidates have to pass; so that the lists are often reversed, just like two throws of dice."

“ Upon what subjects do the candidates gain most marks ? ”

“ Oh, English, Greek, and Latin. Mathematics are allowed to count high ; but the mathematicians come on poorly at anything else. But I was going to say that one thing above all is useful : I mean, practice in passing examinations, and answering questions properly.”

“ Hedging will be of some use,” said Randolph.

“ Why, of course ; but not so much as you would think. The questions are very well chosen to bring out a wide surface of knowledge, and put the grinders quite at fault. White wants mother-wit sadly, but he has a memory that could learn the Army List off the book. It would be difficult to keep such a fellow out at any examination. I have seen worse than White. He is learning the language like anything, and will soon be up country as an assistant commissioner, with more power than a Scotch sheriff.”

“ God help those who go to him for justice ! ” said Randolph.

“ Amen ! ” quoth Reid. “ After all, I believe that the new system brings better men than the old. They say they are deficient in manliness, and can’t ride ; but I have never observed that men of abili-



ties have, to take them all in all, less spirit than other people; and they put themselves to a great deal of trouble to learn to ride, whenever they arrive here, and get horses; and I think a young man of not above twenty-three, if determined, will always manage to make himself a good horseman.”

“Is it true they have got the competition system in China in full swing?” said Randolph.

“Yes, I believe they have,” answered Reid; “but they carry it too far. I believe that by passing good examinations in Chinese history and the sacred books, any Chinaman can actually gain the very highest situation in the empire, next to the Emperor himself. Posts as high as our Lieutenant-Governor, or even Governor-General, are actually contested for in the same manner as a fellowship at Cambridge.”

Next morning Randolph received an enclosed card, informing him that the Governor-General requested the honour of his company at a ball, which was to take place on Thursday. Having put on his full-dress uniform, and shaved his beginning of beard with much research, he looked at himself, piece-meal, in his small camp looking-glass; and set out in a coach, with three other cadets, to the Government House.

Here we must beg the pardon of the young ladies who expect a graphic description of the vice-regal ball. It was, no doubt, grander than a county one, but not half so merry. The room was large and spacious, beautifully adorned with flowers and pennons; and every pillar bore a cluster of lights. But the women, who are generally viewed as the chief attractions in a ball-room, had really lost something of their charms. No complexion can stand the relaxing climate of Lower Bengal. French ladies would have taken to their *rouge* of the "first bloom;" but our straightforward countrywomen disdain such dishonest attractions. The only cosmetic they would accept was the air of the hills, and the breezes of their own land, which, in a few weeks, could have made half of them as lovely as roses. As most of them were matrons, the charm which an entertainment has for young girls was evidently wanting. Here were no smiles of pleasure, no radiancy of triumph, no delight of novelty. Such as were yet unmarried were calculating on the effect their fresh complexions—which, thanks to the speed of the mail, were blooming in England five weeks before—might make among the chalky faces of the older residents.

They danced with a heavy, business-like air.

The languor of the climate weighed them down still. All this was felt by Randolph; and, to say the truth, he and the three other young gentlemen spent a large portion of their time in the refreshment-room, eating ices, for consuming and relishing which the heat of the apartment gave them a great advantage.

Paterson, White, and Reid were there; all applied to Randolph that Miss Winnington should be pointed out to them. She was dancing with the Colonel of the Queen's regiment in the Fort, who was putting in use all that obsequiousness which at Court had gained him his colonelcy in ten years, to win her good graces. We do not mean to gather together a number of hyperboles, and compare her different features to so many roses, diamonds, and pearls, or try to describe what could only be felt by being seen. To draw Miss Winnington, as she stood in her ball dress, would have tried the skill of the best artist. She was about the usual height of women; her carriage erect and stately; her bust scarcely enough rounded by the finish of womanly maturity, though she was just entering the age of twenty, but it was handsomely and gracefully traced. Her eyes had an expression at once piercing and sweet, under finely-pencilled, silken eye-brows.

Her nose was straight, and well-shaped ; her coral lips gently rounded, but firm in their expression ; and her complexion was fine, beyond all the rarest pigments of the world, fair and soft, her pure and eloquent blood tinging it with a roseate hue. When she turned her looks upon anything, one felt “ as if her body thought.” Her dress was of pure white, looped up with lilies of the valley, and the same sweet flower in her dark brown hair.

All four gentlemen—viz., MM. White, Paterson, Reid, and Methyl—followed her with their eyes, as she moved about amongst the other ladies, like a star amongst a hundred candle lights.

“ That’s no refuse, Paterson,” said Dr. Reid.

Mr. White possessed a great desire to be introduced to the young lady. They watched her from one of the seats by the pillars, which enclosed the centre of the room kept apart for dancing. At the head of the apartment, on a sofa, his turbaned head glittering with jewels, sat the Maharajah of Gwalior, in whose honour the ball was given. The ugly, black, little Mahratta looked particularly mean beside Lord Canning, a fine show of a man, who now and then came up to talk to him, for Scindia could speak English. Truly, the Hindu must have felt honoured at seeing so many ladies



of high station pirouetting before him. The women of the East are soft and retiring, and however much their manners may be changed for the better, however much they may be freed from the curb of seclusion that now holds them in, we suspect they will never come to consider that it is becoming for a woman to whirl about in the arms of a man, of whose heart and character she is ignorant, and do so, mayhap, after a minute's acquaintance.

We should willingly bring our four friends into direct conversation with Miss Winnington; but, greatly to his own mortification, all efforts of Mr. White to get introduced to her were in vain. He saw her dancing with a number of gentlemen, and ever attracting their attention; yet she never seemed to notice the admiration she evidently inspired. Randolph noticed the great height and fine make of most of the gentlemen, as they moved through the room in their handsome uniforms, for, of course, the greater proportion were military officers. "No wonder," said Reid; "each of these is the survivor of twenty men, who have sunk under the climate."

The news that supper was on the table came pleasing to every one. After all, eating amuses a man more than anything else. He will throw down

the most sublime poetry, the most ravishing romance, on the sound of the dinner-bell. It excites the most universal of all sympathies. People of all religions and of no religion, Tories and Socialists, obey its call with equal alacrity and enthusiasm. The half of the world pass their lives in longing for its sound in the forenoon, and reflecting on it in the evening. If you doubt this, just let your sapience call on any one a quarter of an hour before dinner, and employ all the charms of your brilliant conversation, which, after that event, delights the world, and see if he will detain you most eagerly when you rise to go. Ah, I fear very much he will bite his lip, and hum, as Coriolanus did at good Cominius—

The veins unfilled, the blood is cold, and then  
We pout upon the morning, are unapt  
To give or to forgive. SHAKESPEARE.

It is mournful to think how much bitter domestic warfare, how many growls and preprandial philippics have been uttered, because the dinner was a minute or two late. Ladies, I feel for you! Oh, for a gagging enactment against grumbling before dinner! I have a dim idea that, to your gentle minds, that august meal is a grand whole, not to be

deranged by the blind impetuosity of hunger; that there is a harmony, a rythmical succession in which every dish must be got ready to appear, so that they may succeed one another as wave succeeds wave. How cruel, that, when you are marshalling them, one after another, in your thoughtful minds—when, mayhap, some confusion is taking place below, the pudding threatens to get ready before the roast, and the pheasant to come in for dessert, or the delicate synchronism of the sauce is deranged, or the fire menaces all around with black smoke—how cruel, I say, is it that such intricate calculations should be deranged by the peevish dinner fever of an unphilosophical husband! I am ashamed of my own sex, when I think how entirely such bursts of hungry impatience are confined to it. The supper itself was scarcely a justifiable text to all this harangue. Being furnished by contract, it was as bad as the purveyor dared to make it. Of course, nobody could complain; and probably the native waiters were bribed to bring a *bonne bouche* to Lord Canning himself. The wines were equally bad, and of the very commonest sort: claret, which might have been voted indifferent *vin ordinaire* at Bourdeaux; port, which had never seen Oporto; sherry, which might be traced to

Devonshire; and champagne, a little worse than lemonade, were the beverages procurable. Randolph happened to be sitting near one of the aide-de-camps, who told the waiter not to bring such wine to him, but to go and get a bottle for himself and a friend from the Governor-General's private cellar !



## CHAPTER VIII.

THE RESULTS OF A GENTLEMAN'S BEING INTRODUCED TO  
A YOUNG LADY, WITH SOME ACCOUNT OF THE LADY.

NEXT day, Randolph was told by Major Campbell that he had met with a gentleman who was an old friend of his father in Edinburgh, and wished that Randolph would call upon him. "He is junior member of the medical board," said he, "and the oldest-looking man I ever saw." Randolph lost no time in obeying the summons of such a dignitary. He was in his office, dictating letters to his native secretary, but received Randolph very kindly; and, as he was busy at the time, took him to the drawing-room, and introduced him to his daughters, who were considered to be amongst the gayest young ladies in Calcutta. They invited Randolph to a ball, which was to take place in two days. When he heard, at the same time, that Miss Winnington was living with them, he jocularly communicated the details of Mr. White's admiration

for that lady; and Miss Blakefield, who was very unaffected and good-natured, said that she would send a card of invitation to the young civilian, with whom she had a slight acquaintance.

Randolph appeared at the ball, which was attended by many of the *élite* of Calcutta. Miss Winnington received a great deal of attention; Mr. White and Randolph had the honour of being introduced to her. After several dances, part of the company passed out into the balcony above the verandah, to enjoy the cool of the evening. She was talking with a young officer upon the only subject about which he could converse, the new rifle which, it was rumoured, was to be supplied to the Sepoys.

“What is the difference between it and the old musket?” said she.

“Oh, it is grooved in the barrel, and has a conical bullet.”

“I suppose it is more difficult to load?” said she.

“Yes, on which account the cartridge has to be greased; but the rifle goes with much greater force, and the bullet goes in a straight line, so that a better aim can be taken at a distance. One does not need to aim so high above the object to hit it, and, besides that, it gives a much worse wound.”

“Shoots todter ‘deader’, as a Prussian recruit said,” put in the lady.

Here the officer had arrived at the end of his conversational powers, or her attention was attracted by a discussion going on between Mr. White and another civilian—perhaps with a view to attract attention—upon Buddhism, of which both had the very flimsiest notion. Mr. White was arguing that it was older than Brahminism.

“Oh, now I remember,” said she; “that old Professor Richard, in Paris, told me when I was passing through, that if I visited any Buddhist topes in India, I must write him a description of them. What is a tope, by-the-way, Mr. White?”

Mr. White said that he imagined the word “tope” would be lineally the same as the Greek *topos*, “a place;” till somebody who was within hearing cried out on Mr. White for a griff, and explained that a “tope” was a grove of trees.

“I do not think,” said she, “that the professor believed that Brahminism was older than Buddhism. I think he said that the founder of the Buddhists preached against the Brahminical form of religion; but I don’t remember anything about it.”

“Upon my word, you are wiser than any of us,”

said a gentleman, in high staff employ, who had been listening; "and might become an Hypatia, and set up lectures in Calcutta."

"To revive Buddhism against Brahminism, I suppose!" said she.

"Or Brahminism against Christianity!" said Mr. White.

"Ah! in that case I should have the advantage of poor Hypatia, and have the mob on my side."

"I fear you would," said the gentleman. "You would have all the natives, at least."

"Well, it is only the European mob I should care about," said Miss Winnington. "But is there no chance of the native mob becoming converted?"

"I have never noticed any signs of it," said he. "The natives are totally indifferent to what the missionaries advance; and, besides, they are quite up to controversy — at least, in our presidency towns. Many of them have read Paine and Voltaire, and even the recent publications of Newman and Greig. Moreover, they are much subtler than the missionaries, who are rather men thoroughly convinced of the truth of their own religion, than advocates able to convince other people."



“And do you think,” said she, “there is any chance of their making many converts? In England we hear plenty about the difficulties in the way, but never about their being overcome.”

“Well, I think it is very small. With the Mahomedans they have none at all; and the Hindus are too much tied up in their own castes, and would lose too much by leaving them. Their best chance is with the lower castes, and especially with the Pariahs, who form a large part of the population. To be sure, they are half savages, and would require to be educated before they could understand the Christian religion. I am no ill-wisher to the missions, and consider the Hindu religion one of the worst that ever was.”

Here the spouse of the gentleman with whom Miss Winnington was talking came to lead away her husband on some errand or other, and Mr. White took up the conversation.

“Do you intend to make a long stay in Calcutta, Miss Winnington?”

“No. I am only waiting for a lady, who will arrive next mail, to take me up country.”

“Do you not regret leaving all the coming gaieties of the season?”

“No,” said she, languidly; “I don’t care about

Calcutta. In my opinion, the mosquitoes are quite enough to make life miserable here."

"But in the up-country stations there is so little society!"

"Oh, I don't mind that at all," said she.

"I should scarcely believe you will ever be without company, however?"

"No; I am going to live with a lady, a friend of our family," said she, with charming simplicity.

"I meant," said Mr. White, stuttering a little, "that Miss Winnington would always attract company wherever she went."

She made the slightest toss of the head, and turned to Randolph, who was standing near. "I believe we came out in the same ship, Mr. Methyl?"

"Yes," said Randolph; "I saw you coming into the ship at Marseilles."

A slight smile passed over the young lady's features, which, of course, was not noticed in the darkness.

"Did you enjoy the journey through France?" said Randolph.

"Oh, I thought it most delightful. I never was pleased so much as by the delightful climate and country; but I could not persuade Mrs. Taylor to stay longer than two days, for she was so anxious to

push on to buy stationery at Marseilles, as advised in Bradshaw, that we arrived there two days before the mail left."

"I spent more than a fortnight," said Randolph, "wandering about, visiting all the ancient towns and old castles on the road between Orange and Marseilles."

"What a delightful journey it must have been!"

Here Randolph and Miss Winnington commenced a conversation on that pleasant country, which, in case the reader should receive with the same impatience as Mr. White—who, not having travelled that way, was unable to join in—shall be passed over in silence. The latter gentleman was evidently taken with Miss Winnington, and made considerable attempts to show it, always increasing in demonstrativeness, for the lady never seemed to notice them. Randolph was charmed by her beauty and conversation, but thought of her more as he might have admired a beautiful picture in some niche of a church, which he neither could purchase nor obtain in any other way.

As the reader is, perhaps, anxious to know something more of this young lady, we shall devote the rest of the chapter to her.

She was the only child of an officer in the Company's service. Her mother died while her daughter was still in early infancy ; her father was a man of considerable talents, but eccentric character. Impatient of the restraints of regimental life, he resigned his commission when he had served long enough to obtain his pension of a hundred and ninety-one pounds a year. Upon this income he returned to Europe, and led a wandering life. A very small share of his money or time fell to the behoof of his little daughter. He gave her, however, a careful education, and she had spent most of her life on the Continent. She had been early trained — by humiliating experience, and by frequent opportunities of envying people richer than herself—to regard poverty as the greatest of evils. She had accepted the invitation of an old friend of her mother to come to India—like so many other adventurous young ladies—with a bride's dress at the bottom of her trunk. In truth, one might excuse her. As her father spent more than his income, there was danger of her being any day involved in actual beggary. The following letter of hers, written about this time, will throw some light upon her views and character :—



MY DEAR JESSIE,—

I hope you got my last, with the account of my arrival in Calcutta, and everything connected with that important event. I am a little settled now, and have had time to look around me ; so I suppose I must answer the usual question, how I like Calcutta. There are so many things to plague one in it, that I should rather say, I don't like it at all. The heat is much more disagreeable than I thought, often quite sickening. One can only get out a little in the morning and evening, and at night, when it is cool enough. One is terribly annoyed by the mosquitoes, which bite every tender part of the skin, even through the dress, if light. If you kill them after they have settled a little, you will find their bodies quite full of your blood. At night we have to sleep under gauze curtains, made to shut in all round the bed, and tucked in under the mattress, so that none of the little wretches can get through. There is always, however, a tear in the gauze, or the servant allows two or three of them to get in, and then they feast themselves upon you all night.

As the cold season is setting in, there are a great many balls and entertainments ; but the climate is so relaxing, that one has no spirits to enjoy oneself. I have been at several very pleasant parties, however.

The Misses Blakefield are very gay, and fond of flirtation ; but I don't think they intend to marry any one here. People say their father has saved up a great deal of money, and is soon going to Europe, so they are quite independent. They pretend quite to pity me, come to spend my life in this country. Sophia said to me the other day, that I ought to marry a gentleman advanced in years, with congestion of the liver, who

would go home to Europe, and leave me a widow in good time. She says there are plenty come to her papa to get invalided. Old Dr. Blakefield, to whom she repeated her remark—imagining he never could have heard anything equal to it—said that there is nothing like youth and health, and that I had much better take one of the assistant-surgeons who came to call on him on their arrival.

The Blakefields are very kind, and Dr. Blakefield is a dear old gentleman ; but Mrs. Green is coming in the next mail to take me up country. I am sure I don't know what I shall do there ; it will be so dull. I see very little of the natives, except out of the window. It is thought incorrect even to look at them, and they and the Europeans never associate together. The poor people go about half-clad ; some of them are so hideous, particularly old men, with their ash-coloured hair and beards, standing out upon their withered and cracked old faces, the very colour of dirty leather. Some have not even a rag to cover their sides. They are a horrid, base, and cowardly people. The servants we have got are very obedient and obsequious, but cheat us at every turn. I am sure there are above fifty in the house, who come and go into the rooms just as they please, and, though they pretend not to understand English, I verily believe they pick up a good deal of what we say, and know everything of consequence that goes on in the house. There seem two combinations in Calcutta—one of the Europeans to rule over the natives, and the other of the natives to cheat the Europeans. There is, however, a split among the former ; for the Europeans in the civil and military services won't associate even with the richest merchants, which

I think quite proper. *That* class of people find their true level here. I am sure they would allow their noses to be burned down, to get a card of invitation to the Governor-General's balls, *but they can't*. Can you imagine Miss Seymour—who, you know, was never allowed by her mamma to turn her head for an inch, either at church or concert, and never to go out of her mamma's sight at a ball—has actually engaged herself to the engineer of the ship in which she came out? The impudent thing told me that I should likely marry a lieutenant, who had only two hundred rupees a month. You must know that I have had one offer already, though the story is so queer I scarcely think you will believe it.

At Aden we took in a French passenger, who had gone from Suez in a native ship. The Arab sailors, it appears, had plundered and beat him sadly. However, he would not complain to the English magistrate there, though he was obliged to come in our ship to Calcutta. He was a swarthy, dark-haired man, wearing always a brown velvet cap, features rather worn, and long moustache, without whiskers. His manners were very good, and his conversation intelligent. I used to speak to him, just to keep up my French. One evening I was sitting out on deck, and all the passengers were walking up and down—

Era gia l'ora che volge il disio

A naviganti e'ntenerisce il cuore.

Monsieur came and seated himself in the chair next me. He then, after talking awhile, said, as far as I can remember, as follows :—

“Mademoiselle, pendant les moments heureux que



j'ai passés dans votre société, j'ai marqué des traits d'un caractère comme j'admire, des étincelles d'une âme de feu. Je crois bien que, dans le fond de cette âme, vous méprisez ces gros Anglais, qui ne songent à rien qu'à leur rosbif et à leurs livres sterling. Acceptez, je vous supplie, l'amour d'un qui vous adore, et souffrez que l'on vous reçoive dans le sein d'une grande nation. Ne dédaingnez pas l'obscurité dans laquelle je reste à présent : elle disparaîtra bientôt. Cependant, je vous prie, respectez le secret que je n'ose pas encore vous confier, et reposez sur l'honneur d'une Française, d'un soldat."

I, at first, could not keep from laughing, on which he began to get quite angry, and to jabber so loud that, if the people on deck had understood French as well as some of them professed, they must have caught every word. To quiet him, I said I was sensible of my degradation in being only an Englishwoman ; but as I was fairly born, and had been brought up as such, I did not see the necessity for changing, especially for a gentleman of whom I knew nothing. You see I wanted to find out the secret. He said : "Je vous engage à ne pas dire un mot des révélations que je vais vous faire." I nodded my head, and it came out at last. He had been born in India, where he had learnt the Bengali and Hindustani languages, and had been educated in France ; but having discovered the detestable qualities of the English, and the gross oppression they exercised in India—which country, he affirms, they have turned into a desert—he had formed the project of driving them out, which he intends to effect by making an alliance between the rajahs of the South and North. The whole hill population especially are, at a given signal,



to march down upon us. The alliance is not yet made ; but will be, which is all the same, you know. He said his real name was Général de Revillout. I forgot to say he calls himself M. Rackle ; for he holds that his name is too well known in Calcutta. He assured me that, on its being breathed there once, a little time after he left it, a steamer was sent in chase of him. I said that I would not trouble Monsieur with the charge of myself, when he had such important work in view ; he might find time after it was all finished. He has been bothering me since then by writing letters, which are so laughable that I should like to show them to you. As for the people here, they are so stiff and stupid. I told a young cadet about him, who perked up like a little general, and said that he must report such a person to Government. However, on showing him the amusement of the thing, I persuaded him to go and make up to the Frenchman, for a bit of sport, so we shall perhaps hear more of it. I was going to say that I am pestered with attentions from a Mr. White, a competition civilian, or “wallah,” as they call them here. He is a tall, blond young man, and Miss Blakefield asks him to “tiffin,” and sometimes to dinner ; so that I have *mouton* sometimes twice a day.

However, I cannot write more, as my paper is all crossed. If you hear how dear papa is, please let me know, as I have had no letter since I left him. Write soon.

And believe me, dearest Jessie,

Yours most affectionately,

EMILY WINNINGTON.

## CHAPTER IX.

MONSIEUR LE GÉNÉRAL DE REVILLOUT, L'ENNEMI  
ÉTERNEL D'ANGLETERRE.

IT was Randolph to whom Miss Winnington (who judged him to be fond of fun) had committed the task of bringing out the Frenchman. The mystery of the thing gratified his pride. He thought it but half a joke, the other part an important political intrigue. It was clear Miss Winnington regarded the thing entirely as the former, since she had broken her promise to the gentleman without any scruple. Randolph determined to call upon a M. Picard, a young Frenchman, who had come out in the ship with him as a mercantile traveller to Calcutta. He found him in the Mountain Hotel, and actually living with the mysterious M. Rackle, to whom he introduced Randolph. That personage occupied the next room. When they came in, he was sitting without his coat, writing a scurrilous letter against the English, which afterwards ap-

peared in the *Univers*. M. Picard introduced Randolph as a young Scotchman, which procured him a little consideration from the general, who inquired if a rebellion against the tyranny of England was imminent in Scotland. Randolph said it was. After a little pleasant chat, they agreed to take a sail the following day to visit the botanical gardens. They walked next morning to the ghát, where M. Rackle, who spoke the language fluently, immediately hired one of the dingies, whose proprietors came clamouring round them like so many crows to a piece of meat. It did honour to his selection, being quite new, with a clean awning; but, upon the general stepping majestically in, he was startled by a white ticket, upon which was painted in large letters, “The Trafalgar, Commodore Bux,” the latter syllable being the name of the boatman. The current soon carried the general, commodore, and party down to the gardens. The two griffs, of course, ignorantly wondered at the beauty of the vegetation, at the immense variety of flowers and trees, at the mighty shade of the mangoes and banyans, and the picturesque forms of the palms. After they had walked about for some time, enjoying the beauty of this Garden of Eden, they picked up a wasted,

sallow-looking man, with black hair and dark eyes. His conversation showed much intelligence; he spoke English well, and French tolerably. Randólph took him for some nondescript European, till he led the whole party half a mile to see a very curious flower, which turned out to be a dandelion in a pot. On inquiry, they then found that he was an Armenian. The sun becoming hot, they sat down under a tree to enjoy the tiffin they had taken with them in the boat; it included a few bottles of claret, which Monsieur le Général had brought in his pocket from Chander-nagore. The French, in general, drink little wine in tropical countries—a precaution which most men of naturally temperate habits find advisable; and what Monsieur now drank had all the more effect upon him. He talked with great volubility about various topics of history.

“Is it not true,” said he, “that a great discontent exists in Scotland against the pride and oppressive disposition of England?”

“Well, no doubt the old national antipathy is not entirely destroyed,” said Randolph, who wished to draw the Frenchman out.

“It is a touching subject, that of the history of Scotland. I have often lamented the untimely fate



of the beautiful and innocent Mary Stuart, and of Rizzio, the handsome, amiable, and accomplished.”

“Yes,” said Randolph; “it was a piece of gross tyranny of Elizabeth to venture to try a sovereign princess for crimes committed in an independent kingdom.”

Being now surer of his audience, he made a great many depreciatory remarks upon “*perfide Albion* ;” and dwelt exultingly upon the misfortunes of the English in the Crimea. This, after a while, provoked Randolph to answer. The conversation then took the character of a debate of that unsatisfactory kind in which the disputants try to convince one another of the inferiority of the nation of his opponent. The other Frenchman, indeed, tried to stop it with a “bah !” and the Armenian, with some mild speeches and compliments to each country, which neither of the combatants regarded. England was Carthage, who made war upon civilised nations with mercenaries, and tyrannised over and cheated savage peoples. She had bought the soldiers of little German states, and hired the wild Indians to conquer the French in Canada. He animadverted with great energy on their destroying the Danish fleet, and burning the trading ships in the harbour of Toulon—topics he

had read in the "*Décadence d'Angleterre*," an abusive work by Ledru Rollin, while an exile in England, which sheltered him, at the time he was writing it, from the pursuit of his own countrymen. Randolph replied with great temper and dexterity, "The French had used mercenaries, as well as the English—Poles, and Irish; by the aid of the latter they had gained the battle of Fontenoy."

"Never! never!" cried out the General; "France always trusted to her own native talents, while that of England is bought from all countries under the heavens."

"I was just going to say the reverse," said Randolph. "France appears to possess a wonderful attractive power upon all the nations that surround her. Some of the greatest generals and most eminent men of France have been foreigners. Maurice de Saxe was a German; the Duke of Berwick, an Englishman; Ney, a Rhine Prussian; Massena was an Italian; Cardinal Mazarin, an Italian; Cuvier, one of your greatest naturalists, was a German; Jean Jacques Rousseau, born in Geneva."

"Take them all, monsieur," barked the Frenchman; "we can do without them—men of genius of the second class."

"Well, then," said Randolph, "what do you

say to Napoleon, born a subject of another state, and speaking Italian as his native language? I have heard that, when he made his first campaign in Italy, he used to say to the Italians, who addressed him in French, 'Parlate Italiano, Italiano sono' (Speak Italian, I am an Italian). A little after, when he began to rise to the head of the French state, he discreetly forgot his own language, and dropped a letter out of his name, that his origin might be overlooked. At St. Helena, however, he took again to Italian. Chateaubriand, in his autobiography, says he sometimes let slip the expression 'vous autres,' to the French. For my part, if I were a Frenchman," said Randolph, seeing that both MM. Rackle and Picard looked exceedingly chagrined at this remark, "I should hate Napoleon; but because I am not, I admire him. What did he do for France, if not at the same time for himself? No man could have inflicted more real and wide-spread misery upon a nation for a little empty glory, most of which went to himself; and which, at any rate, sweeten the lot of no one."

"One need not go so far as Europe," said the general, very *corroucé*, "to retort upon the English. See, in this very country, what the English have

done. By bringing the soldiers of one native state against another, and by bribes artfully employed, they have subjugated an immense empire, which mayhap may fall to pieces one day, struck by an unknown hand. Read, even in your own historians, especially in the work of M. Mill, the atrocious spoliation which has marked the rise of the British power in India. Consider even the nefarious seizure of Satara, and Sinde, and Nagpur, and the insulting and tyrannical treatment the native princes met with from Lord Dalhousie. There is a house almost within sight, where lives the descendant of the most faithful allies the English ever had, to whom in former times they were happy to lend their own European bayonets as mercenaries against the Rohillas. All Europe now knows, from the journey of his mother to England, how, in time of peace, the King of Oude was robbed of his dominions. Alas ! noble woman, what a fruitless errand she is upon ! But fewer know the still baser seizure of Nagpur."

All this put Randolph mightily about ; for he had an uneasy idea that there was a good deal of truth in it.

The Armenian, however, interposed. "I believe," said he, "that on the whole the rule of the



English is a great blessing to India, and although they used unjust means in seizing upon native kingdoms, this has been the practice of powerful states to weak ones from the beginning of time. I have read the history of France during the reign of Napoleon, and do not think that that people, when they thought themselves strong enough to seize any foreign state, ever hesitated to do so because it was unjust. I have read of Napoleon's invasion of Egypt, Spain, and Portugal.”

“And Venice and Malta,” added Randolph.

“Oh, yes,” cried the other Frenchman; “nations are extremely dishonest, and the most celebrated nations the most dishonest of all. The French and English ought not to throw that at one another.”

Randolph and 'M. Rackle would certainly have come to an open quarrel, had the former not been kept back by his promise to Miss Winnington. He gathered from what the Frenchman said that he had been born at Chandernagore, and had been sent to Paris when he was ten years of age, where he had been educated, and learnt in the pages of history the vileness of the English nation. He had, when he was a boy of eleven years old, attacked an English boy belonging to a coaling ship, whom he saw at Dieppe; but had been

thrashed, and got his nose knocked a little to one side. Like a young Hannibal, he had made a vow to be revenged upon the English. Every morning his looking-glass cried out to him, "De Revillout, remember the English." He had been several years in the service of the Rajah of Gwālior; and it was his opinion that, if he had been at the head of affairs during the war with England, in 1847, he would have driven them out of India. As it was, the English drove him out, and he returned to France. After trying Algiers, he came back to India, to carry out his grand plan for the destruction of the hated nation, of which he threw out dark and dreadful hints. Randolph found that the general's conversation on ordinary subjects was intelligent and entertaining, but pervaded by an excessive vanity and exaggeration.

After trying the effect of another eloquent letter to Miss Winnington, M. de Revillout left Calcutta for Nepaul, on a camel, with a servant on another, and a third for their luggage. Sketches of all three, attacked by tigers, appeared in a French illustrated journal, with a tearing letter upon the atrocities the English perpetrated in Calcutta, especially their habit of insolently demanding, and even seizing on, articles in the bazaars, at a lower

price than the wretched merchants could afford. He was compelled to leave that city, he wrote, by the news that the authorities had got an uneasy suspicion of his being there, and had given orders that he should be arrested and thrown into the Cachot Noir de Calcutta. He was pursued for twenty miles (I quote the French journal) by four squadrons of English cavalry, and two Horse Artillery guns.

Randolph went next day to Dr. Blakefield's, to report the success of his mission; but Miss Winnington would hardly listen to him. Such haughtiness hurt him very deeply, more than he could account for, although it was annoying not to have a chance of firing off the little pouch of witticisms which he had in readiness. The truth was, the lady with whom Miss Emily was fated to go up country had arrived; and, being stupidly anxious to see her husband, had insisted upon at once laying their *dak*, as it is called in India; that is, in engaging a passage to travel by post up country. Another person even more aghast at this sudden warning was Mr. White. That learned gentleman's brains had been fairly turned, and instead of "pioching" for his examinations, he was continually running to the Blakefields, who

encouraged his visits all the more that they knew them to be teasing to Miss Emily. The changes in his dress were very remarkable; the Calcutta tailors were almost in as great perturbation as himself at the incomprehensible directions and incessant criticisms to which their fabrications were subjected; his friend Paterson tried to turn him away from his passion, and reminded him that he would lose his writership if he did not pass the next examination on the languages; but

When love enters into a youthful brain,  
Caution is useless, and counsel is vain.

Paterson, nevertheless, had a great influence on his friend, the influence of a strong mind over a weak one; and, as Mr. White now fairly avowed his passion, he had an opportunity of speaking plainly. "If you are so fond of the girl," said he, "why, go and propose to her at once. Better a finger off than aye wagging."

"But," said White, "that is doing the thing too quick."

"You must do it quick or not at all," replied Paterson, "if she is going away so soon."

"But what shall I say?" asked White.

Here a slight smile appeared on the usually austere face of Mr. Paterson. "Well, I am no



authority in such matters; I would say that her sudden departure has accelerated your proposal, but that you will be able to see her again on your way to the Punjaub. Tell her, of course, you are going there, and that you expect to obtain a good situation; and are worth three hundred a year, dead or alive."

"O Paterson! you speak as if she was one of those mercenary girls that run so greedily after everybody. What I admire is, that she is plainly perfectly indifferent to all these considerations."

"Ah! well," said Paterson, "what did she come out here for? Perhaps you know she sets a higher price upon herself than most girls; and no wonder. However, don't forget to speak brightly about your prospects."

"But what will they say if she rejects me?"

"Well, you must make up your mind to stand the scorn, if you get the scaith. Only I think it is likely enough they would say she had rejected you even if you don't propose to her. You see the thing, some way or other, has been already spoken about."

This last argument was decisive; and after an elaborate toilet, Mr. White was borne away to the Blakefields' house in a palki of four Orissa bearers

dressed in necklaces, with a piece of cloth round their respective loins. We have not space to describe the interview ; suffice it to say his hurried manner and agitated looks made the Misses Blakefield leave the room on various errands. His proposal to Miss Winnington was refused with the utmost *sang froid*. “ Yes, I have no more time,” said she, after listening to a long burst of eloquence. “ The fact is, I want to pack up my things.” The colloquy was still going on when Randolph Methyl was shown in. She felt her position very disagreeable, and so did Randolph, who guessed that there was something going on, and wished to depart. Miss Winnington, who had no desire again to be left alone, applied all her arts to detain him. The whole thing puzzled the poor boy mightily ; for, though not deficient in acuteness in matters such as these, he was a mere child in her hands. It ended by the Misses Blakefield coming into the room, and poor White going away, upon which the former young ladies began to laugh, being merry and mischievous girls. Indeed, their ayah had been listening at the door, and had actually ventured to come to them, mimicking Mr. White and Miss Winnington, for which she had received a mock reprimand. Miss Winnington at

first looked provoked, but soon began to laugh also ; and at last Randolph was carried away too ; so the whole four laughed on till they were perfectly exhausted, without speaking a word.

Randolph went back to the barracks, turning everything over in his mind, and told the whole story to Major Campbell, who listened to it very attentively till he came to the laughing. "That is too bad !" said he ; " what a deal of misery and mischief foolish girls are allowed to make ! Women ought not really to be allowed so much swing in these matters. I advise you to take care yourself. By the way, I have remarked that you are very often going to the Blakefields. Rest satisfied by this poor moth burning his wing, and don't try to fly through the candle."

"You need not be afraid," said Randolph ; "the candle is going up country."

## CHAPTER X.

### UNGALLANT AND PHILOSOPHICAL.

ONE day Randolph brought Mr. Paterson to call upon the Major, who evidently felt much pleasure in the conversation of the young civilian.

“What has been the result,” said Paterson, “of the law legalising the marriage of the widows of Brahmins?”

“Oh, what result could you expect?” said the Major. “It is one thing for a foreign race to legalise a system of marriages, and another for the natives to agree with their view of the case. Custom, in India, is more powerful than the law, and will always be so.”

“Then have the Brahmin widows derived no benefit from it?”

“I scarcely think so,” said Major Campbell. “One or two young Bengal baboos may venture upon such a marriage; but then they are shunned, or excommunicated by the rest of their caste.



What would be the effect of a law, at home, allowing a man to marry his aunt or sister? Do you think many marriages of that kind would follow?"

"Is not that putting the case rather strong?" said Paterson. "I thought that a considerable number of learned Brahmins held that the vedas did not forbid the widows of the twice-born to marry again?"

"Very likely they don't; but in modern Brahminism there are many rites practised, and many things forbidden, not mentioned in the vedas. Our bishops, and members of our clergy, have treated as incestuous the marriage of a man with the sister of his deceased wife, although, as has been clearly proved, it is not forbidden in the Bible. I think, after all, that it was scarcely necessary to offend and alarm the prejudices of the Hindus only to legalise what, in the present state of their opinion, they would never practise. The state of the law has no effect upon the rules of their caste; but a change of this kind might induce them to believe that we intended to interfere with them. The case was different as regards the prohibition of suttees, which we really had means to put down."

"But, I think," said Paterson, "that everything

ought to be done to raise the condition of woman in the East from its present degradation."

"And in Europe, also," cried Randolph, "the rights of women have been, even in our own country, very imperfectly recognised. Man has made the laws, and woman suffers from them."

"It is probable," went on Paterson, "that modern legislators will soon erase all such barbarisms from our code, and that the position of woman will be much more independent."

"Would it not be better," said Major Campbell, "to erase the distinction that God made altogether, or treat woman only as a superior kind of man? The last time I was in Europe I was a little astonished at the advances you had been making. I heard some people declaiming that women ought always to be allowed to hold money in their own right after marriage; that a number of very minute and searching enactments should be made to protect them from the tyranny of their husbands, who, it was understood, were, as a general rule, no better than slave-holders. These opinions I was able to trace to two classes; the first composed of female writers—between ourselves, a very strange class. Whatever may be their merits, the faculty of judgment is evidently more feeble than with the

less literary of their sex. They are the defenders of everything *outré*, from spirit-rapping, and demoniac possession, to Socialism and Atheism; and, with reference to the matter in hand, literary ladies have shown too great a desire to avoid, and, when married, too great a tendency to slip off, the yoke of matrimony, for us to believe their opinions and tastes represent those of their sex in general. This is the class of women who have taken in hand to instruct their sisters upon their new rights; women who, giddy with self-conceit, despise the modest virtues of their sex, and would destroy all our old-fashioned methods of thought about our wives and daughters, for others only adapted to their abnormal selves. The wisdom of Solomon has got so much out of date, that they are beginning to suspect his picture of a bad woman the very ideal of a good one—‘She is loud and stubborn; her feet abide not in her house.’ \*

\* I had marked for quotation a vigorous protest of Mrs. S. C. Hall, against the new-fangled theories of her literary sisters, but cannot get access to the number of the *St. James's Magazine* that contains it. She quotes the words of Longfellow:—

As unto the bow the cord is,  
 So unto the man is woman.  
 Though she bends him, she obeys him;  
 Though she draws him, yet she follows—  
 Useless each without the other. *Hiawatha.*

I once heard a divinity student, at a debating society, refuse

“The second class,” went on the Major, “is composed of young gentlemen fresh from school or college, who wish to make themselves popular among the ladies by saying what they think will please them. They consider the great men of all ages who happen to disagree with them as no better than barbarians, and smile with contempt at an appeal to the plain words of Scripture. I once was present at a discussion on the relative superiority of men and women. A young gentleman, after bearing his part very loudly in the dispute, cried out, ‘I have spoken for the women, and got no thanks for it.’ On another occasion, I heard that, at the end of a public lecture, in which the lecturer laid down the new rights of women with great eloquence and emphasis, six or seven ladies stepped up to the platform and kissed him. Thus it is not wonderful that women find advocates;

to speak upon the disputed claim of male superiority and supremacy. “Woman,” he said, “was a revengeful animal; and his opinions might bring him into trouble with them.”

I am very far from joining in such a verdict; but suspect more than he are afraid to speak their mind. Why else does Tennyson intersperse his poem, “The Princess,” with such rhymes as—

We fell out, my wife and I;  
Oh, we fell out, I know not why,  
And kiss'd again with tears,

save to coax offended woman-kind?



but, to do them justice, the great majority are perfectly indifferent to all these suggestions. They feel that their position in society is a good one ; that it has been determined with much care and reflection ; and that a change in the laws and customs of the country in respect to it might injure instead of bettering their condition. It is quite plain that, let legislators do what they may, the happiness of women will always come from the kindly feeling of their fathers and husbands. To give them peculiar privileges and separate interests is merely to hold out a continual provocation to strife and discord."

"But do you not think," said Paterson, "that some law should be passed to protect a woman from the tyranny of a bad husband, who strikes and ill-uses her, spends her dowry, and reduces her to beggary?"

"Well, it is clear," replied Major Campbell, "that women must be, to a certain extent, under the protection of the law ; but I think those already existing are quite sufficient to protect them, and some of the changes proposed would be grossly unjust to the male sex. To allow a woman to hold property in her own right, without being responsible for her husband's debts, and at the same time

to hold him responsible for hers, seems to me very unequal. Moreover, it deprives a man of much of his authority over his wife. She can thus separate from him whenever she chooses, and even go and live with another man : that is, if she has money."

"Yet," said Randolph, "some very distinguished lawyers have declared that a change in the law is highly advisable."

"Lawyers only see exceptional cases, and are apt to imagine every evil can be put right by law. That the lawyers themselves would be benefited by a change is quite clear to my mind, perhaps to their own."

"But I have known a case," said Paterson, "where, after considerable opposition on the part of the bridegroom, the lady's money was settled upon herself. He was a merchant, and failed about a year after ; but owing to this fortunate arrangement, was enabled to save himself and his wife from beggary, and to set up in business."

"I have got nothing to do with particular instances," replied the Major. "This is what I object to in people of your opinions, that they sink broad principles to help isolated cases. I say, and I believe every one who considers the matter carefully,

without inflaming his mind by newspaper stories and Criminal Court gossip, will admit, that the only way to make men and women agree together is to give them a common interest. To make the interests of each separate, is merely to breed confusion and discord. In the instance you have given, it appears to me that the creditors suffered where the husband ought to have done. As a general rule, failure and poverty are the punishment of rash speculation ; but by enabling a woman to hold property in her own right, a married man can easily escape this. Truly, it opens a convenient back door to evasion and fraud. No doubt there are exceptional cases, where the interference of the law could prevent gross injustice, and, as I said before, this party only looks to exceptional cases. Women, who entertain such views, and cannot trust their intended husbands with their money, ought to give up all ideas of marrying, instead of fettering the man they have chosen with humiliating conditions ; but the less the law interferes, as a general rule, the better. It will certainly create more mischief than it can allay. I should say such a precaution is more likely to help in tempting a silly girl to make a doubtful marriage, than to protect her property from a bad husband ; the greater scoundrel

he is, the easier will he get her money out of her. The uncertainty of our opinions upon this subject confuses the administration of justice in India. In a case between man and wife, one judge will perhaps give his decision on the basis of Hindu or Mahomedan law ; another upon the old maxims of English jurisprudence ; a third will be influenced by some flimsy notions he has picked up in a modern novel or fashionable review. A native steals another's wife ; he is punished with great severity. The same thing happens in a neighbouring district ; the judge rests satisfied with restoring the woman to her former husband. At a third, the magistrate asks the woman which man she prefers ; and the process is decided by her own choice. The natives, whose notions on this subject are fixed, compare all these decisions, and murmur at the injustice and caprice of their rulers. There are people who come to legislate and rule in India with European notions, not always founded either on true morality or common sense, such as our feudal notions on primogeniture, the necessity of an hereditary landed aristocracy, trial by jury, and freedom of the (native?) press ; and they do a world of harm by stuffing them down the throats of natives."



“I suppose,” said Paterson, “the natives are rather indifferent about the honour of their wives; and the standard of female virtue is very low?”

“Well, no doubt, there is a great difference between the ideas of an Oriental and those of a European on this subject; and, of course, great variation of opinion results. Each sets out with a different stand-point. The Oriental sets out with the ancient idea of a family known to the European through the Old Testament. He marries early (celibacy is unknown), and allows his wife to be chosen for him by his parents. She is brought into the same house, and is treated as a daughter by his mother. The young wife is obedient and submissive, and helps her mother in the household work. Her position rises with the birth of her children, in whose bringing up she spends her time, till, in the course of years, her husband’s parents are removed by death, when she herself occupies the same position as head of the female part of the family. Her authority is acknowledged by all her children to the day of her death. This is the Oriental idea of a family; I do not say that it is always carried out; that the mother-in-law occasionally does not tyrannise over her daughter-in-law, or that the daughter does not sometimes cause

strife and discontent in the family. But such is the ideal; and it is oftener carried out than Europeans will believe. They know little of the domestic history of native women, save through the crimes, complaints, and wranglings which come before our courts of justice. I have seen large families—brothers, sons, and grandsons—all married, living in peace and harmony, with their wives and children, in one establishment, and acknowledging the authority of one venerable old father and grey-haired mother.”

“The most singular thing about native marriages that I have heard,” observed Paterson, “is, that they never see their wives till they have actually been married. Is this really the case?”

“Oh, yes, certainly,” replied the Major.

“One would think such marriages would cause great disappointment, and that there would be little affection between a pair who find themselves tied together in this way, like two oxen coupled to the same wagon.”

“Well, no doubt, individual cases of disappointment must occur; but, as a general rule, I think Hindustani marriages are quite as happy as European.”

Here Paterson and Randolph could not repress

an exclamation of surprise. The Major, however, having got his hobby fairly at full speed, now went on careering over everything.

“ I think I could make you understand that it is perfectly possible men should be all the happier that they have not chosen their own wives ; for example, I had a mother—who now, alas ! is dead ; she was very kind to me, and I loved her. At the same time, I might have had a better mother ; I mean to say, that I could conceive of a mother even wiser, kinder, and more amiable than she ; but, at the same time, I had no desire, and cannot even bear the thought of having such a woman for my mother. I was perfectly satisfied with the one I had. Now, if a man finds his wife chosen for him, and submits to it as something necessary and unavoidable, he may be content with his wife, just in the same way men are content with their mothers, whether good or bad. When a man selects a wife for himself, he is filled with painful doubts and misgivings ; and, if he finds he has made a mistake, he has a great difficulty in reconciling himself to his fate, and is always mentally going back upon his choice. How few men, too, choose what they need, or even what they want ; and how easily they are imposed upon by counterfeits. I once heard of a learned man

who determined to have a wife of congenial disposition ; but a clever girl managed always to find out what books he was reading, and ground for every interview. She went to the British Museum, in order to have something original to talk about. One day she remarked to him, ‘ Why have all the Egyptian gods their toes turned in ? ’ Finding this correct, he was very much puzzled, and determined to devote his life to the research. He offered her his hand, counting upon her assistance and co-operation ; but they were hardly married, when she filled the house with noise and gaiety, and treated him and his books with contempt. A third person is always valuable on these occasions, but his opinion is never listened to. In the case of a Hindustani marriage, however, though the bridegroom does not see his bride, his mother does, who, perhaps, makes a better choice than he could.”

“ You are exceedingly subtle, Major,” said Pater-son. “ But it is perfectly clear to me that it is a great advantage to know something of the disposition of a woman before marrying her ; and that, by so doing, a very great deal of life-long misery can be, and is, actually avoided. Jean Paul Richter said, ‘ Marry only for love ; but see that what thou lovest



be lovable.' Of course, this is impossible where women are shut up, as in the East; and the men could have no choice, even if they were old enough to form a judgment."

"The German gentleman you mentioned," replied the Major, "might as well have advised men to blindfold themselves before choosing a wife, as I have heard the Spartans did, as to fall in love; for love is, though I am a poor authority on the point, a moral blindness. As for advising them to love only what is lovable, that is as useful a piece of advice as telling them only to eat what they can swallow. As for choice, what choice has a man in Europe, unless he be rich? when he is sure to find every woman running after him, as amiable as seraphims. He can only choose among the marriageable women of his acquaintance; and very often unsettles his mind, turns aside from his career, and loses months, and even years, in grovelling to women who all reject him in the end. So much are men put about for some one to choose, that I believe it is not unfrequent, both in England and Germany, for them to advertise in the newspapers for a wife. Natives have no such difficulties. When the parents wish a wife for their son, they go at once to those of their own caste and position who have got girls,

and the bargain is made, with much finessing, perhaps, but without any of those heart-breaking disappointments which cause so much misery in Europe.

“ You know very well that when a man marries in Europe, he, as a general rule, separates from all his female relations. The attempt to make a wife live with her mother-in-law or sister-in-law is rarely made, and still more rarely successful; principally because the women themselves are violently prejudiced against it. The displays of jealousy and selfishness that sometimes break out are by no means creditable to the sex. I have known exceptions, but I think I have stated the rule. A mother, in Europe, regards her son as lost to her when he is married. We have a proverb—

My son is my son till he get a wife,

My daughter is my daughter all the days of her life.

The Hindustanis say that when a son is born, he cries, ‘ Ham ghar phir banaenge ’ (I shall build the house anew); but a female child wails, ‘ Ham dusre ghar men jange ’ (I shall go into another house).”

“ All this appears quite novel to me,” said Pater-son. “ And how does a man treat the wife he obtains in the Oriental way ?”

“Well, no doubt, in a different manner from what takes place in Europe. He never eats with her, for instance; and they generally sit in different rooms.”

“I observe,” said Randolph, “that, among the poorer natives—I mean, those too poor to be able to keep the women within doors—the wife always walks behind her husband. Is divorce common amongst the natives?”

“No, I do not think so; certainly not amongst the Hindus. Low-minded and dissolute Mahomedans are inclined to put away their wives at their convenience; however, if they do so, they find some difficulty in getting others.”

“Is polygamy common?” asked Paterson.

“No, I don’t think so. There is the same natural check here also. A man who has one wife living finds a difficulty in getting another. Parents, of course, do not like to give away their daughter into such a house. At the same time, men of wealth and station can generally get as many wives as they want. They are, however, compelled to give each of them a separate establishment, and in all cases to stipulate a sum which the woman can claim in case of divorce; but, as a general rule, they are content with one wife, if she

gives them children ; if not, they certainly will take another. Nor do I think, considering the peculiar feelings of natives on that point, that monogamy will, under any circumstances, ever be adopted by them. Mahomedans, as a general rule, have very low ideas on the subject of marriage : they will even marry prostitutes, whom they have taken out of the bazaar. Hindus are much stricter. But law-suits are common enough in our courts—both from Hindus and Mahomedans—simply to get their wives restored to them, after the women have run away with other men.”

“Then, do you really think, Major,” said Paterson, “that these men care for their wives at all?”

“You might as well ask me whether the natives care for their children. It is quite as natural that they should do the one thing as the other. This is an absurdity that I have remarked in most books professing to treat of society in the East. They seem so anxious to represent the men as tyrants, that they forget altogether that they are husbands. One would think they actually believed that Turks or Hindus were totally destitute of all affection for women, as if conjugal love were an invention of the nineteenth century, or entirely confined to Europe.”

“That is very true,” said Paterson. “It re-



minds me of a passage in Homer, where Achilles asks—‘Do the Atreids alone, of speech-articulating men, love their wives? For every good and wise man loves and cares for his own wife, as I loved her from my heart, although gained by the spear.’”

This quotation seemed to strike the Major much. He made the young civilian repeat it in the Greek,\* for he had once had an acquaintance with that language.

“You see the position of men and women is not that of tyrant and slave. The women are as much in favour of the system of seclusion as the men; but I believe they are no great advocates for polygamy. A native lady would as soon think of going to sit in the bazaars as go out to ride without a veil, or travel thousands of miles alone, or do other things of the kind, which European women practise. Nor must we imagine that the seclusion of native women is merely a selfish scheme for the advantage of the men. A little reflection will show that this system is often the cause of great trouble, loss, and expense to them. How is it

\* Ἡ μοῦνοι φιλέουσ’ ἀλόχους μερόπων ἀνθρώπων  
 Ἀτρεΐδαι; ἐπει ὅστις ἀνὴρ ἀγαθὸς καὶ ἐχέφρων  
 Τὴν αὐτοῦ φιλέει καὶ κήδεται ὥς καὶ ἐγὼ τὴν  
 Ἐκ θυμοῦ φίλεον, δουρικτητὴν περ ἰοῦσαν.

*Iliad*, lib. ix., 340.

to a man's advantage that his wife cannot execute any out-door commission, and is obliged to travel in the most expensive manner in a separate conveyance?"

"Of all Hindustani customs, the most revolting to us," said Randolph, "is polygamy."

"And yet," replied the Major, "it is sanctioned by the Old Testament: Abraham, Jacob, and David were all polygamists."

"It is singular," said Paterson, "that it is never directly forbidden in the New. Monogamy, however, had become almost universal in the society to which the Apostles preached; for this we are indebted to the Greeks. I believe missionaries have found this a great difficulty in preaching Christianity among uncivilised tribes. They won't give up their wives; and some missionaries have actually proposed that we should drop insisting upon this point as a necessary part of Christianity.\* However, I should think, in a country so far civilised as India, that it would be of unquestionable advantage to get polygamy abolished at once."

"And suppose it were abolished," asked the Major; "what would you put in its place?"

\* Some actually carried this out. See Brown's "History of the Propagation of Christianity," vol. i., chap. vi.

“Why, monogamy.”

“A very natural answer,” resumed the Major, blandly; “monogamy, perhaps celibacy, as is so common in Europe; but then how would you employ the great number of women who would thus be turned adrift upon society? Recollect, if you please, that in India every man who can afford it has one wife; and still there are enough of women to admit of the richer people having several. All the women are therefore married; and if a little girl is left an orphan, some mother of her own caste will take her, and bring her up to be a wife for her son. They will adopt boys too. There is no poor law, and no other way of supporting destitute women and children. Now, if you introduced monogamy, and its natural concomitant, celibacy, what would become of all these women? There is no work for them in India; very little sewing, and that principally done by men; there are few manufactures. A poor deserted woman has to grind corn; but that kind of work is only for a few hands. Certainly, polygamy is less degrading than what would follow its sudden abolition.”

“Are native women ever educated—I mean, are they taught to read?” asked Paterson.

“If they belong to the better ranks, native

schoolmistresses come to teach them. I have heard that Miss Martineau inveighs against the tyranny of the male sex in keeping them in ignorance ; as she found in one or two harems to which she got admission, when in Egypt, that the ladies could not read. In the East, books are rare and very expensive ; it is only the very richest classes who can have any number of them. Consequently, the great majority of people learn to read merely that they may be able to read and write letters. As women do not carry on any business, there is little motive for their parents teaching them the alphabet. Moreover, there are no books of the kind women love ; there are none of the novels that unsettle girls' minds in Europe ; and though tales and poems are common, they are scarcely fitted for female reading. At the same time, there is no fear of a woman of sense and intelligence not having an influence over her husband."

"I remember," said Paterson, "that Mountstuart Elphinstone" (whose book he was reading for examination) "remarks, on this point : ' In spite of the low place systematically assigned to women, natural affection and reason restore them to their rights. Their husbands confide in them, and consult with them on their affairs, and are as



often subject to their ascendancy as in any other country.' Certainly, I am much obliged to you, Major, for giving me your very striking and original view of the subject, on which you have evidently lavished the most careful consideration."

"Oh, not I!" cried the Major, wincing considerably.

"I should ask," said Paterson, without noticing this interpolation, "What is the conclusion of the whole matter? What do you think is the proper position of women in Europe and women in India?"

This seemed somewhat to disconcert the worthy Major.

"Well," said he, at length, "my opinions are conservative. I would not have the position of women deranged, or re-arranged, or whatever you may call it, by the parties who are trying to do so. I should say the same of the position of women in India."

"You mean, then," said Paterson, "that the system of seclusion, polygamy, and divorce ought to be maintained in all its integrity?"

"Well, I would not say so much as that," answered the Major; "at the same time, I am thoroughly of opinion that it would be as unwise to

give native women the rights allowed to European women, as to give native men the rights of Englishmen—such as trial by jury, and representative government. In India neither the one sex nor the other are fit for such rights, nor care about them ; at the same time, I think that the laws of Mahomedan seclusion are much too strict, and act most detrimentally on the comfort and well-being of both sexes. The Hindu laws and customs are much better, and especially those in force before the entrance of the Mahomedans into India. To introduce our European notions of gallantry, would be a frightful blunder ; to try to introduce them through the legislature, mere madness.”

“All men have their subjects, and this is evidently the Major’s,” said Paterson to Randolph, after they had left. “I wonder what circumstances brought him to think so much upon the matter. Did you ever hear him speak of it before?”

“No,” said Randolph ; “but it was very amusing. We must try and get him upon it again.”

This, however, he never succeeded in doing. Indeed, as a general rule, Major Campbell never spoke *de rebus muliebribus*, and was distant and reserved in female society.

## CHAPTER XI.

RANDOLPH JOINS HIS REGIMENT IN THE NORTH-WEST—  
DELHI BEFORE THE MUTINY—ANGLO-INDIAN SOCIETY.

A DAY or two after this notable discussion, Major Campbell said to Randolph, “I believe there is a vacancy in our regiment; and, if you desire it, I shall be happy to use my interest to get you attached to it.”

Randolph accepted the offer with gratitude.

“You need not give me any thanks; I shall never forget your kind attentions to me during this rather heavy residence at Calcutta. Up country I have more friends, and there is not a Sepoy in our regiment who will not thank you; for though they are my men, they are my friends too. But I hope to do a little more for you than that. You must keep on studying the languages hard, and we shall try to get you a good appointment. A young fellow like you must on no account vegetate in a native regiment—an old habit,

which everybody now-a-days is learning to look down upon."

About a fortnight after, Randolph was attached to the Butiana Infantry. The oculist being of opinion that Major Campbell might now leave, as the affection in his eyes was almost gone, he and Randolph arranged to set out together. Randolph had few regrets at quitting Calcutta: he was impatient to begin his career. He might feel lonely and sad at leaving the friends he had made, to go away so far amongst strangers; but he was assured of the cheerful support of the Major. He had been two months at Calcutta, and these two months had not passed away without their effect upon his mind. The complete change from European life filled his mind with bewildering thoughts. Here was a whole sea of people and nations, who thought and felt, almost perceived, differently from any human being in Europe; men entirely different in race, manners, language, and style of thought; three religions growing on the same soil, without choking or even harming one another. He never tired of speaking with the natives when he could get a chance, and of bringing out this difference, which interested him so much. If a change of air has an unexplained effect upon



the convalescent frame, a change of country has an effect equally wonderful upon the youthful and expanding mind. In truth, Randolph's was expanding almost too fast. The ripeness and correctness of his ideas struck every one who did not know his previous training with astonishment. His frame was almost perfectly developed; indeed, nobody would have thought him so young. I wish my readers could have seen him—fresh, young, and ardent, his face now and then lighted up by the fire of some bright thought or sudden emotion.

When he was fairly in orders to go, Major Campbell and he set out for Meerut. More than a hundred miles of their journey were sped away in the railway. At Raneegunge, the line stopped, but they found the *dâk ghari* waiting for them. This is a coach on the great trunk road, which has almost entirely superseded the old-fashioned way of travelling by boat or *palki*. The space left vacant for one's legs in a European vehicle of the same kind, was used to stow their luggage, and covered over by a board, so that one could stretch himself across. Travellers in India always take a number of requisites with them not procurable on the road, such as brandy, tea, or coffee. Having got into the coach, which felt hot and close enough

at first, they travelled till the next morning, sleeping as they best could under the severe jolting, and awakened by each coachman as he was relieved by another, in order to claim a gratuity. Randolph awoke next morning at daybreak, and getting out a little to walk, found himself in a wild jungle, which puzzled the notions he had formed of the great population and fertility of Lower Bengal. When the sun began to get hot, they stopped at a lonely dâk bungalow. These useful little inns are established by Government, for the entertainment of travellers, all along the principal roads in India. Every European traveller can claim shelter for twenty-four hours. After this period he is liable to be displaced by the next who comes. A native can only claim admission if the accommodation is not taken up by Europeans.

The Major and Randolph stopped at one of those bungalows in the depths of the jungle, and the khidmutgar cooked them a lean fowl with chapatties. Towards sunset they again set out. The country was desert and monotonous, save at one place, where they passed a number of hills and the peak of Parasnath. It again became beautiful, populous, and fertile as they approached the great city of Benares. They passed through Cawnpore

at night, and in seven days were at Delhi. The vegetation was now not so deeply tropical as in Bengal, and the air much cooler. The country they had travelled was cultivated and populous, though tracts of jungle would run along the road for miles—waste land, covered by tall shrubs and underwood, broken here and there by trees.

Randolph often amused himself watching the ferocious and unruly disposition of the horses who drew the dâk ghari. The Hindustani horse is generally entire, and half broken; and is, besides, naturally vicious. They would be brought out from the shed, roaring and plunging, as if they had till that moment run wild in the jungle. They were generally harnessed with great difficulty, and would probably refuse to move at all. The driver and syces would then pat and soothe them, and push on the coach from behind, to persuade the obstinate brutes to move. When they had fairly started, they would carry the ghari on at a wild pace; now in the middle, now over all kinds of holes and broken ground at the sides. It was a matter of wonder to him that the ghari was only upset once, for the horses ran away more than twenty times before they reached Meerut.

Save at Allahabad, where Major Campbell stopped

to greet some friends, Randolph never saw a white face till he reached Delhi. The people that passed were of a much more manly carriage and stalwart make than the Bengalis, and often wore swords; but Major Campbell laughed at Randolph placing a loaded revolver upon the shelf of the coach. "The country," said he, "is as safe as in England. One is no more in danger of robbers in the jungle than in the wastes of Breadalbane." At Delhi they stopped till morning; Randolph had often heard of this seat of ancient Mahomedan grandeur, and rose at daybreak for a ramble through it. The Jumma Musjid, or Great Mosque, was only a short way from the bungalow. Prepared for something magnificent, Randolph was still astonished at the immense proportions of that noble edifice. He mounted the flight of stairs that one has to ascend to gain the crown of the lofty groundwork on which it is built, and reached the gateway of the Mosque.

"Enter, it overwhelms thee not;  
And why? thou art not lessened; but thy mind,  
Expanded to the genius of the spot,  
Has grown colossal."

After surveying the interior, he climbed to the top of the highest minaret, whence a wide view of Delhi and the country around was obtained. His atten-



tion was struck by the lofty red walls of the palace, enclosing groves and gardens, and a great variety of buildings. The man told him he could gain admission to see it; and he descended to the dâk bungalow. Major Campbell said there was no difficulty; he was going to call upon Captain Douglas, of the Palace Guards, who would procure him a sight of the principal buildings. They accordingly went in a hired buggy, and found Captain Douglas in his apartments within the palace walls. He at once sent away his mace-bearer with orders to show Randolph the palace. What struck him with most admiration was the entrance, and the noble old hall of audience. Though its silver roof had been carried away by the Mahrattas, and the most precious stones among the mosaics on the walls had been picked out by the same pilfering hands, the hall still appeared the grandest he had ever seen. The throne was situated on a lofty dais, not ascended from stairs by the front, but with two doors opening into it from behind. A large block of crystal lay at one end of the hall near the window, where, the mace-bearer said, with a kind of sadness, the Badsha often came to repose himself. What were the feelings of the old disinherited king, as he lay, in the dusk of evening, on the crystal throne? What spectres

of kings, of nawabs, and generals flitted amongst the alabaster pillars? What thoughts of other days; associations of Jehan, and Aurangzib; and memories of Baber, Akber, and the terrible Timur Khan, the founder of his race? Did he ever dream of grasping their sceptre again? or was his heart depressed by the fresher memory of the misfortunes of his fathers, by the remembrance of the degradations and wrongs they had suffered from Nadir Shah and the Mahrattas? Did he think of his grandfather, how his eyes were put out by Gholam Kadir? and how the white-faced infidels entered his city after the flying Mahrattas, under "Lord Lake Sahib"—a name that will never be forgotten in the Doab?

When Randolph returned to Captain Douglas's apartments, he found that gentleman and Major Campbell talking about the princes, of whom Captain Douglas seemed to have a very low opinion.

"What kind of a man is the king?" said Randolph.

"There is nothing remarkable about him. He is a rather weak old man, governed by his women and eunuchs, and very superstitious."

"Have the Mahomedans no desire to revive their old dynasty? I have seen on the road pictures of the king and princes hawked about by

native merchants, showing that an interest in them is not yet gone out in the country.”

“ Oh, of course, there is always a desire of ruling in the minds of Mahomedans ; but what does it matter ? their rule was fairly over before ours began.”

“ I wonder at the British Government allowing them to reside here, where the remembrance of their former greatness must always recur.”

“ But we are bound by treaty to do it.”

“ I heard a report that the king had become a Shia,” said Major Campbell.

“ I believe,” said the Captain, “ he wrote something to that effect to Lucknow, when Wajid Ali was reigning there ; and the mulvies here were in a great state about it, and waited upon the king to know if it was true ; but he explained it away to them.”

“ I don’t think he will try anything of that kind again, since the King of Oude has been sent to Calcutta. What did your Sepoys say about that, Campbell ?”

“ They were very much disgusted by it ; and many of them expressed their opinion quite openly to me ; but that seems to have passed away.”

“ What did the people say of it in the city ? ”

“ They took it more quietly. You see, they are

almost all Sunis, and were very much shocked at the executions the King of Oude made amongst their sect, after the disturbance at Hanuman Garhi."

"Are the Sunis and Shias so very hostile?" said Randolph.

"Oh, exceedingly so," said the Major. "They tell the most odious stories against one another. It is currently believed, amongst the Sunis, that the Shias, when their parents die, open their bodies and drink the moisture from their intestines."

The conversation went on; but this part subsequent events fixed in Randolph's memory.

Major Campbell then drove out at the Cashmere gate, to the cantonment. It pleased Randolph mightily. He called on several of the officers, and saw a regiment of Sepoys on parade.

"Noble fellows, aren't they?" said the Major. Truly, in physique, fine military bearing, and skill in their evolutions, they might have gained the palm anywhere.

A few hours' more travelling, and they were at Meerut. Randolph, of course, reported himself, and joined at once. He found his duties very light, and would rather have had more work, to bring him in contact with the Sepoys. The good feeling subsisting between them and their officers seemed to



be perfect. The lofty stature, high carriage, and noble demeanour of the men, struck him with admiration. Major Campbell was never tired pointing out their fine qualities, their wonderful fidelity, good behaviour, and attachment to their officers. Randolph found that Campbell was very much beloved in the regiment. He had held command of it during a part of the Sikh war, as his seniors were disabled, and had led them up to the Sikh guns at Guzerat. "Baralaraiwallah" (the great warrior), the Sepoys used to say in speaking of him.

The unmarried officers messed together; and Randolph found the mess often tiresome, and the extravagant monthly bills a heavy pull on his small pay. At table, Campbell's amusing observations on native character were exchanged for mere common places, such as the rest could follow. The conversation was of the baldest kind, principally about one another's horses, the wine on the table, and the capacities of different gentlemen for making good "mug." An engineer officer invited there, once tried talking about books, mentioning the "Newcomes" and "Bleak House" as an example of that species of composition; but everybody stared at him as if he had been giving lectures on cuneiform inscriptions. One might

relieve the listlessness of the evening by a game at billiards ; but it was expected no one would leave before two or three tedious hours had drawled themselves away. Randolph did not like the mess. It took up the time most favourable for study ; for he was working very hard at Hindustani and Persian. He heard the married men in the regiment grumbling at a recent general order of the Commander-in-chief, making all of them subscribe for the bands of their regiments and brigades, and deducting a small subscription for the mess. All unmarried officers, and those whose wives were out of India, were to be compelled to dine there. This seemed to him the most unnecessary tyranny. What right has a commander-in-chief to interfere with the civil customs of the officers, or to regard the fact of their preferring to dine alone as a breach of the articles of war ? It seemed to him that his Excellency had as much right to force them to marry particular ladies as to force them to dine at a particular hour or with particular gentlemen.

He had sense enough, however, to keep these cogitations to himself ; but he soon began to perceive that the younger officers remarked the difference between his manners and pursuits and their

own. They regarded him as a griffin, *sheret*—i. e., a greenhorn. What right had he, a miserable ensign, to hold himself aloof, to turn up his nose at cock-fighting, and spend so much of his time with his munshi, and talking with the subahdar? They remembered what very raw lads they were themselves when they landed at Calcutta, and imagined that Randolph must be the same. But, in spite of his youth and the lowness of his rank, they could not shake off an uneasy sense of his superiority. He learned the language with a rapidity which would soon place his knowledge on a level with their own. He was rather out of practice in shooting; yet in a month he began to rival the best of them at the rifle. Finally, they laughed at his riding—for he had never ridden anything but cart-horses without a saddle; but they began to see with uneasiness that this, in their eyes, a very great defect, would soon be altogether wiped out.

The ladies of the regiment, too, were fond of Randolph; his fine and sparkling conversation pleased and attracted them. And lastly, the Colonel took our hero at Major Campbell's estimate. Randolph remained living in the house of that gentleman, and caught up so much of his

spirit, that he was every day becoming more attached to his regiment. The Major, however, strenuously advised him to try for an appointment in the Civil Service. War in India, he said, was at an end. The trade of a soldier was a mere parade, unless he could get into some irregular regiment on the Peshawar frontier.

Randolph determined to study for the examination, and then apply to be taken in Civil employ.

The colloquial examinations he passed at once, and the written one after the end of a month. He had a very good munshi in Meerut, an old mulvi, named Pir Bux, a great Persian scholar, who had been with the English army in Cabul.

Randolph had no preconceived ideas about Indian society before he landed in Calcutta. He was at first pleased with the greater freedom and hospitality that is met with in European houses in India, but he soon began to miss many things he loved at home. In Anglo-Indian society there was too much worldliness, and too little culture and polish. He had always been accustomed to think that a man ought to be valued, in some degree, on account of his character and education. In India, however, he thought these were much too little regarded.



The standard of education is lower than in those of the same relative position in England. The men are generally sent out, when mere boys, with little more than a special military training; and the women, when mere girls, leave their boarding schools, in Bath, Bonn, or Paris, for the sleepy stations of the Mofussil, though to this general rule there are many and brilliant exceptions. There are few opportunities of improvement in India, and many things both to harden the heart and increase that disagreeable mixture of energy and selfishness which, a distinguished foreigner has remarked, seems natural to the English.

In private life the Anglo-Indians are far from saving. A large number of them were in debt, simply because they had a great many luxuries they were determined not to want. The suspicion that a man was "making a purse" was thought disgraceful. It was often amusing to hear the excuses made by people who wanted to curtail their expenses, to stave off the unpopularity they feared would follow. Randolph was astonished at the delicacies spread before him at mess—such as preserved meats, fish, and oysters, brought in hermetically-sealed cases from Europe—which were consumed by subalterns, who complained of the

smallness of their pay, or boasted that they were so many thousand rupees in debt.

Most likely many of these remarks apply to a state of things already passed away. The Anglo-Indians have lately lost so heavily (as much as 25 per cent. upon their income) from the amalgamation, the income-tax, and the great rise in prices, that it is probable they are more economical now. But changes in the manner of living do not take place in a day. A French officer, who visited India on his way home from the last Chinese expedition, has given us something *à propos* in one of his interesting communications to the *Kölnische Zeitung*. He was struck with the sumptuousness of the regimental messes, the rich silver plate, the number and handiness of the attendants, and the excellence of the wines. "For a long time," he remarks, "our Governor-General of Algeria had not such a luxurious table as here in the messes of the English officers, where I repeatedly dined. I was received everywhere with the greatest hospitality, and cannot sufficiently express my gratitude for the kind and genial reception which I met with, almost without exception, from officers of every rank in India."

At the same time, it would be unfair not to men-

tion that Anglo-Indian society has some virtues more peculiarly its own, the result of the singular and almost unique position they occupy, as the citizens of a free country ruling by the sword over a foreign race. They are less stiff in their manners, more sociable, and more ready to assist one another, than their countrymen at home. The scenes of the mutiny have tried their courage and self-reliance so severely, that it is unnecessary to enlarge upon them. Joined to the want of refined amusements, and the taste for athletic exercises natural to the English, this intrepidity of disposition has nourished a fondness for field-sports, such as tiger-shooting, boar-hunting, horse-racing, which is a very striking feature in their life. They are a magnificent race, fond of fine horses and dogs, splendid uniforms, swords, and fire-arms. They have caught up a good deal of the love of display that characterises the Hindustanis. Their pride is excessive; and, while offending the natives by its insolence, it keeps them under by the steadiness with which it is sustained, and it saves our countrymen from many vices besetting conquering races. They have this one great public virtue, that, in their magisterial capacity, they are perfectly incorruptible. The very worst accusations ever brought,

in the very worst days, against the servants of a corporation of merchants, like the East India Company, seem frivolous and insignificant, when one calls to memory the shameless rapacity of the Roman pro-consuls, the venality, faithlessness, and profligacy of the Portuguese in the Indies, the barbarities of the Spaniards in South America, and the corruptness of the Russian employés. It may be safely asserted that, at the time of which we are writing, the English magistrates in India were as free from venal influences as those of any nation in Europe. The author has often heard the natives freely denouncing the baseness, extortion, and corruption of the underlings of their own race; but they never breathed a suspicion of the purity of the European magistrates, and, indeed, often voluntarily expressed their confidence in it, although they sometimes complained that the sahibs were too easily led away by their nazirs and omlahs. We have the impartial testimony of M. Ferrier,\* that the English have left among the Afghans a character very similar to what we have given them. "If they had not been infidels, we could not," they said, "have had better masters."

\* "Caravan Journeys in Persia, Herat, and Afghanistan." By J. P. Ferrier, Adjutant-General of the Persian Army.



The very indifference of the English magistrate to native superstitions and native feelings, which occasionally leads him to mistake their character, enables him to approach their quarrels with an impartiality the most well-meaning native judge could never gain.

## CHAPTER XII.

MISS WINNINGTON AND HER ADMIRERS.—A HORSE RACE.

ONE day Major Campbell took our hero to call on several friends in the station, among others on a Major Jopp, of the —— Cavalry. On entering the drawing-room, whom did he meet with? The sagacious reader will guess Miss Emily Winnington! She received Randolph more graciously than the last time he had seen her at Calcutta. In truth, the field of her triumphs was now very much contracted. Her talents and accomplishments caused as much perplexity as admiration, among the martial young gentlemen in the Mofussil; and the Major and his wife lived rather too quietly for her mind. She, however, as Mr. White remarked, with that justness of perception peculiar to himself, never could fail to have admirers, and, without putting the reader's patience any more to the proof, let us confess that Randolph soon began to be numbered amongst them.

Poets, from the beginning of time, have traced the progress of love so minutely and elegantly, and prose writers have quoted them so learnedly and judiciously, that it would be no gain for us to enlarge upon such a topic. Randolph, of course, took every opportunity of seeing her; but cautiously refrained from making any advances. Indeed, his passion was almost without hope, and fed only on the evanescent pleasure of seeing and admiring her. Could he, a mere boy, an insignificant Ensign of no reputation or mark, hope to carry off a brilliant and beautiful lady, admired by the whole station? His humility, perhaps, did harm to his suit.

“ They little know of woman’s heart  
Who think that wanton thing is won by sighs.”

I am far from blaming any young lady, who has a pure and womanly desire to be a wife and mother, for going out to India, if she sees no chance of getting a husband at home; nor do I think a woman of sense, if her voyage turns out well, will have much compunction on looking back; yet, no doubt they would rather have found husbands nearer home. More is the pity that any amiable young lady should ever be at a loss! Miss Winton was by no means entirely the slave of mercenary motives. Her feminine sensibility was yet

sore at the necessity of her having to come out to India to get married. Her sagacity and self-knowledge were too clear to allow her to blind herself to the fact, and that everybody knew it. In her own mind she determined not to be too easily won. The gentleman whom she would accept must be of high rank and reputation, good-looking, and accomplished to boot. Let the reader reflect how many marriageable people he has seen uniting all these desirable qualities. Suppose, *faute de mieux*, she were obliged to accept a husband who failed in one or more of them, which of them was to be dispensed with? Or suppose, as sometimes happens, they were to be divided between two suitors, to which side would she turn? Judging by the usual rule of events, the solution is easy. Women are more mercenary than men in their marriages; but less mercenary than men after they are married. The majority of men marry entirely for love; the majority of women they marry are thinking of their future prospects and establishments. At the same time, Emily Winnington was no ordinary woman. Her talents were very considerable; she was fond of displaying them. She had a fine and cultivated taste, and was fond of gratifying it. Randolph



pleased her eye; his conversation delighted her ear; and his easy and natural manners had a charm for her sensibility scarcely any one else could realise. Against each conventional drawback he had a real natural advantage. If the Colonel had seen longer service, the Ensign had greater length of years; if the one had more money, the other had better health; if the one bent his head for a moment to superior rank, the other bent his shoulders ever lower and lower beneath the down-pressing hand of old age, and trembled at the near tyranny of death. The one had command; the other, genius. Youth and rank, beauty and wealth, somehow, in India, rarely come together. She heard the superiority of the conventional advantages insolently assumed every day. People fear most the evils they have most experienced. She knew what the privations of genteel poverty were, and feared them more than was necessary. She would fain have compounded, and gladly accepted one who pleased her head and heart at once; but no suitor of that kind came. The only one that struck her fancy for a moment was our friend Major Campbell. Though past the meridian of life, he was handsome and noble-looking. He had a long face, aquiline nose, high and broad

forehead, above which lay his rather thin locks of chestnut hair. He was tall, and strongly built, but finely made. Few people saw him without being struck by the penetrating and appreciating glance of his bright dark grey eyes, overshadowed by the long, well-defined ridges of his eyebrows. His physiognomy impressed one with the idea of great mental capacity ; but it would have taken a deeper insight to gain a sense of the noble and beneficent qualities that lay beneath his officer-like bearing and repose of manner. Putting aside a few eccentricities, he was the very type of a Sepoy officer of the old school. He thought more of his regiment than anything else, and regarded his men almost as his children. He knew their names and characters, and all their mishaps and adventures since they entered the regiment. When the men had a loss to get repaired, or a grievance to complain about, they always took the road to Major Campbell Sahib Bahadur's bungalow. He believed them to be equal to as many French and German troops, and only inferior to those of Britain. At the same time, he observed, they were much better behaved, a set-off it was impossible not to admit. He entered largely into the very prejudices of his Sepoys, and considered caste of as much

importance as if he had belonged to the highest himself. His sweeper was never allowed to come near his kitchen, and he would not employ a cook boy of the Chamar caste. Any attack upon the native character was met by him with indignant protest, and if necessary, with a breadth of argument and command of information that silenced a flimsy objector at once. With the native mind and language he was deeply acquainted. Unlike most military men, he often visited the native chieftains in the neighbourhood, understood their etiquette, and abstained from treading on their prejudices. He had several times been employed by Government on delicate diplomatic missions to foreign states; but had, at the end of them, always applied to be sent back to his own regiment, and returned loaded with presents for his old Sepoys. Every one, however, knew that the Government had a very high opinion both of his military and diplomatic abilities; and none doubted that he could follow a very high career at his pleasure. But if he was not the slave of ambition, he was no less free from the tyranny of love. There was a story, that in the last campaign in Cabul, he had carried away a beautiful Afghan girl, who was known to have lived several years in his zenana compound, but

whose face nobody ever saw. She had died; and, whatever might have been the attachment he had paid her, he never sought another in her place. He often came to the Jopps' house, but Miss Winton soon perceived it was to smoke with the Major in the verandah, not to talk with the ladies in the drawing-room. All her colloquial powers were inadequate to draw Major Campbell out. In truth, he had a slight dislike to her, but was too polite to show it. There were no other gentlemen she met who pleased her. She would rather that Randolph were a hundred miles off; in her eyes at least, he eclipsed everybody else by simply standing beside them. But what was she to do? Could she marry an ensign, who would remain a subaltern for well nigh twenty years, conduct her in the rear of all the ladies into a ball-room, and who would not be able to send her to the hills in the hot season? There were plenty of married subalterns in the station; but then people said they always got into debt. Moreover, she was disgusted with India, and did not relish the idea of linking herself to any one who was doomed to pass his life there. Her mind and cast of thought were entirely European; her accomplishments, which, in cultivated society at home, were calculated to attract so much admira-



tion, were here almost cancelled. Who cared, up in the north-west, whether she spoke French, German, or Italian; or could play the most difficult sonatas of Beethoven on the few ill-tuned pianos in the station? The young men liked better a buxom lady, who took an interest in the race-course; who could ride without shuddering along the precipices of Simla, and imagined the Rhine was in Brittany. Young ladies shipped off to India at sixteen, with a showy boarding-school training, and the six hundred rupees allowed by the Company to officers' daughters willing to go out to make wives to its warriors, do well enough for the Indian market. She could not help feeling that Randolph, alone among those that came near her, admired her as she would wish to be admired. Her womanly pride demanded something more than the lust of the eye. She tried to compromise the matter with herself, by speaking to others as if he were a boy with whom she wished to amuse herself. Sometimes she was carried away by the eloquence of his conversation, the power of his voice, and the sympathy of his tastes; at others she was all restraint and affected indifference. This capriciousness occasionally provoked Randolph, who was haughty enough in his own way, and he, at

last, by experience, found it was better to show his sense of such treatment. He remembered the words of an old song—

“If she scorn me while I woo,  
I shall scorn and slight her too.”

Perhaps everything would have ended well, if no other wooer had come in the way; but this was scarcely to be expected. The new rival was Mr. Morris, a man high in the Civil Service, who had been sent to Mussourie for six months on sick certificate, and had taken the liberty to come down from the hills to Meerut, as a change from the dulness of that sanitarium in cold weather. He was a man between forty and fifty, with brown hair, beard and whiskers of a reddish tinge, broad features, and in person rather inclining to heaviness. His manners, to strangers, were rude and clownish, but improved considerably to those with whom he meant to be gracious—a form of demeanour which gives a man a decided advantage among weak people. They can boast that, whatever he was to so-and-so, he was very agreeable to them. His abilities were mediocre, and his conversation mere male gossip. He was, however, shrewd enough at his own duties; and had a good knowledge of the world, principally of its darker

side. He seemed struck with Miss Winnington's charms at once, and was not long in showing it. He was ever at the Jopps', and occasionally drove the young lady out on the Mall in his buggy. Randolph passed them on his white Arab horse, for which he had paid eight hundred rupees, the remains of the money he had brought out with him.

Miss Winnington had little enjoyment in her new admirer. He offered all the conventional advantages she desired—high rank, power, wealth, a six months' residence in the hills, and the near prospect of a return to Europe ; but there was a jar in their tastes, and a difference in their feelings which she never could get over. Some other ladies in the station managed to get up conversations in her hearing, highly calculated to make her uncomfortable.

“How long has Mr. Morris been here?”

“Only a week or two.”

“I suppose his conduct is now quite correct?”

“Oh, yes ; I have not for a long time heard anything to find fault with about it ; years always sober a man.”

“Why was he removed from his Commissioner-ship at Barlanda?”

“ Oh, that was nothing very serious ; some purchases which he had foolishly engaged to make for a native chief, in Europe, and which the Government heard of.”

Here the two lowered their voices, and she could catch no more.

Miss Winnington's temporising with the Commissioner—for, at first, he could believe it no more—astonished and puzzled Randolph very much ; but when it began to appear that she was actually, at least, hesitating whether she would accept him, a feeling of contempt began to rise in his mind. What could she find in a man as old as her father ; neither distinguished by virtue, talent, beauty, nor courtesy ? What, indeed, but his rank and his gold ? She who had appeared so entirely unimpressible to all such considerations, was she the slave of the very lowest ? Had she only held in till now because the “ Kaufgeld ” was not high enough ? Unhappily, the necessity for admitting a single defect in his mistress, could not cure his passion. The error might only be temporary ; she might discover it any moment. Besides, what right had he to suppose that Mr. Morris was destitute of all attraction ? Did he not view him with an evil eye ? Some people thought him a very agreeable man.



At any rate, he had *done* something, and had risen to high rank. Our hero now went seldom to the Jopps', but thought of Miss Winnington more than ever. All the station knew of the two rivals; and some people took Randolph's side. The poor boy suffered cruelly. His Persian and Hindi readings were exchanged for desultory conversations with his talkative old Munshi; he scarcely ate anything, and felt a racking pain in his breast, and a constriction of breath, which he pleased himself in regarding as a proof his life would not be long. Everything seemed dull and funereal in his eyes; the flashing sunshine of India, which every day drowned the eye in light, seemed to him dismal as the glimmer of the wax candles in a mouldering Gothic church. But he never spoke of his love to Emily Winnington; he knew well enough she was aware of it, and did not return it. In the meantime her situation was by no means agreeable. Unfortunately, a coldness had sprung up between her and Mrs. Jopp. The latter was fond of speaking about griffs, which Miss Winnington returned by criticising the education and accomplishments of the Anglo-Indian ladies. Mrs. Jopp declared she did not intend to go to Mussourie next hot weather; but would spend it at

an old deserted station, deep amongst the hills, where there were only three bungalows. Moreover, the young lady's scanty stock of money was disappearing. She was too proud to think of accepting any from her friends ; but how was she to meet the heavy charges of a milliner, who imported her fashions from Paris ? Her ball dress was undeniably creased ; all the young ladies who had come out in the ship with her were already married, or engaged to be so ; and sent her provokingly condoling letters. She had exhausted all the admirers in the station. Very good matches had gone off since she came. She began to waver in the very high price she had set upon herself. There were several dandies who still hovered about her, but she read their characters at a glance ; all their practised attentions could not disturb her calculations. . Circumstances swayed her to accept either the Commissioner or the Ensign. She was in a state of cruel perplexity, but never thought of asking any one's advice ; indeed, she was too much the object of envy, and had too little warmth of disposition to have any intimate female friends. The Commissioner was pressing and incessant in his attentions ; Randolph was diffident, reserved, and often haughty. When they met and spoke with one another, it was under the mask of estrangement and constraint.

A fine topic of conversation this was for all the idle ladies and gentlemen in an idle military cantonment!

“What is all this?” said Major Campbell to Randolph, one day. “You are making yourself the talk of the station, running after a girl who does not care a straw for you.”

Randolph gave no answer.

“It would be much better if you would leave the thing alone. There are lots of time for this when you are ten years older, and have a good staff appointment.”

This solution of the difficulty seemed most dreadful to our hero, whose despair was very touching to witness.

“Well,” said the Major, more kindly, “has she positively refused you?”

“I never asked her,” said Randolph.

“Never asked her! So much negligence does not go well with so much melancholy. My advice is that you ask her at once, and have done with it.”

All the Major’s eloquence, however, was inadequate to make him take courage.

“Well, if you won’t go,” said he, “let me go myself for you, and perhaps I shall do it better.”

Randolph agreed with this proposal, and the

Major, having considered what he was to say, for he was no practised hand in such matters, set out, about an hour afterwards, in his buggy for the residence of Major Jopp. He was received by that officer in the verandah, and, not being so ready at his present business as he was at Chillianwallah, he sat a little with his friend outside, discussing the nature of his errand. As both gentlemen had powerful voices, and were in the habit of talking loud, Mrs. Jopp happened to overhear enough of the conversation to enable her to tell Miss Winnington, with whom she was not on very good terms, that Major Campbell was coming to propose to her on the part of Ensign Methyl. This, delivered rather in a bantering tone, had an exasperating effect on the young lady. Major Campbell was shown in, and made an able speech, setting off the merits of our hero in the most heartfelt manner: at the same time, we are not sure whether a more adroit advocate might not have been obtained. The reader already understands the peculiar opinions of the Major upon womankind in general, and, although he had too much sense to show any trace of them, still they gave a stiffness and an appearance of condescension to his pleadings, which a proud woman could ill brook. She was also touched



by the evident stress the Major laid upon the prospects of Randolph. He would soon get a good appointment, and, no doubt, run a very high career, as his abilities were of the very first order. In the meantime, he could afford to wait. He could assure her that Randolph had considerable means in his power. The worthy gentleman had eleven thousand rupees, which he intended to give to Randolph on his marriage; for he was thoroughly of the opinion expressed in the old Scottish song—

Women

Wad marry auld Nick, if he'd keep them ay braw!

At the same time, nothing is more exasperating to a proud mind, than the consciousness that its meanest motives are fathomed by another. The result was that Miss Winnington rejected his suit in express terms; and the Major, repeating everything he had conceived of the pride, folly, and ignorance of European women, drove back again with impetuosity to his bungalow.

Randolph, whose hopes were never very high, received the news with great philosophy. In reality, his passion was on the turn, and beginning to wane. All human evils have a natural tendency to cure. Love without encouragement and sym-

pathy is sure to fade. But the rejection of all his deeply-cherished wishes was still a cruel blow. All his unhappy love gathered in his heart. One does not feel a calamity so deeply at the time as next morning, when the difference between the situation the day before comes, on awakening, like a stab to the heart. Randolph determined to go himself, and try what his own voice might do. About noon, he got his Arab saddled, and rode to the bungalow where she lived. Neither Major nor Mrs. Jopp were at home. He sent in his card to Miss Winton, and after a minute's delay, she sent out her salam to him. He entered the large shaded drawing-room, his eyes swimming from the bright sunshine. She was seated before a table near the window, and rose gracefully when he entered. Her expression was not haughty; it was gentle and anxious. His heart beat as if it were emptying itself of all his blood.

“Is it true,” said he, “that you have rejected me?”

She bent her beautiful head; but no sound issued from her lips.

“I came to hear it from your own voice; for it sounded harsh and incredible from the voice of another.”

“I am sorry you felt it harsh, but do not know why it should seem incredible.”

“I felt it harsh, because it was cruel to lose you after learning to know you so well. You have spoken to me; you have listened to me—aye, you have smiled upon me, and now you turn away.”

“Well, I may have done all this to you, and twenty others,” said she, coldly; “but what of it? Why should you make more of it than they did?”

“Because,” said he, with a sudden burst, “because to me it *was more* than to them; and you knew it, too.”

“You believe so, perhaps,” said she, sarcastically. “But it is better to close this at once. Major Campbell, no doubt, gave you my answer yesterday; and I do not intend to change my mind to-day. If you imagine any one has a right over me, who chooses to ask, you are mistaken. Let us change the subject.”

“I cannot close it thus,” cried he. “Emily Winington, hear me, hear me! Do not deprive me of all hope. Give me but the hope of winning you; give me but time—and you will? I do not say I am worthy of you now; but you will raise me and my aims <sup>very</sup> so high, that, for you, I shall win power and rank, and come to lay them at your feet.

What would you have? Why object that I am nearer your own age? that ought to draw us more closely together. Oh, think! think again, ere you refuse me utterly!"

He drew near her, and took one of her hands in his; he looked down upon her lovely face, which was becoming pale; he saw the heavings of her virgin breast. Something seemed to agitate her deeply.

"Mr. Methyl, no more of this," said she, seeking to withdraw her hand from his. Then speaking with an effort, and in a sinking voice, "It belongs to another."

A burning, feverish blush suffused her face and neck. Randolph let go her hand.

"To Mr. Morris, no doubt?"

He had guessed rightly. Tortured by perplexity and misgiving, she had, to end them, yielded to the mercenary spirit which made her covet the wealth, the rank, and the worldly estimation of the Commissioner, who had proposed to her that morning.

There was a long pause; then a painful revulsion of feeling took place.

"Foolish girl!" said he; "what have you done? You were not bound to love me; but why chain yourself to a man you cannot love? I know what love is, and you bear none to *him*. You have



turned away from every noble feeling, allowed your judgment to be distorted by the low valuations of people whose selfish maxims were not for such as you. You have outraged your tastes, your deepest wants, your best feelings, for a little tinsel finery, a vapid phantasy and gaiety, which will never get brighter, but fade away even as those flowers, which have neither root nor stem, will fade away in that gay jar. You will marry a man you cannot love, whom you will soon learn to despise. Deck your house, fill it with pictures and rich furniture, and spread your Persian carpets to the moth; it will please every one but yourself. With that man you will never make a home. You are a thousand times more to be pitied than I, woman of little faith! But my unhappy love has at least given me this elevation of feeling, that I shall never again follow anything but a high ideal. My love was high and noble; but it was not you I loved. It was somebody I thought the same as *you*; but now I see there is a blight in your moral nature, which would to God I had known sooner. You need not try to wear scorn on your face, which you do not feel in your heart; you may do so when you hear I have married a low-minded, vulgar, old woman, for her wealth or rank."

As he pronounced these words—the long-brooded complaint of his heart—his mild but bright eye shone with an unusual inspiration, and his voice fluttered with a noble emotion. She looked bewildered, almost terrified, and when he had finished, bowed her head slightly, without claiming the privilege of having the last word. Bending his head also, he turned away from her, and, without saying more words, sprang to his saddle, and galloped away.

What is so bitter as unrequited love? This complete overthrow of his hopes was still bitter to him; but he struggled manfully to forget it. It gave a spur to his worldly ambition, too. He turned to his Hindi and Persian, and began to feel a pleasure in the latter study. He found the grammar easy, and many of the words already familiar to him through the Hindustani, just as one who knows English has learned half the words in the French language. Oriental learning has a tough shell, and a small kernel; but no language of the East repays the trouble of acquiring it more richly than the Persian, with its glorious old literature.

Major Campbell continually urged him to improve himself in riding by constant practice. “That is a beautiful horse of yours; but I would not ride

him always. You'd better get a tat ; you will buy a good enough one for a hundred rupees. I suppose that Arab of yours must be very swift? He is small, but deep in the chest." That evening, going out to ride together on the cavalry parade-ground, the Major tried it a race against his own, when it almost doubled him the first mile. He was rather put about at such a discovery. " Mine was a good horse in his day ; but he is getting old and lazy. I could not bring him to his full speed without spurs ; I must sell him to some lady or other, and get a better one. However, you must try yours on the race-course."

We are no more able to describe Randolph's noble Arab with pen and ink, than we were to render justice to the charms of Miss Winnington ; and, in truth, a fine Arab horse is as perfect a thing of its kind as an English beauty. An artist might draw his form, paint his graceful head, his *περικαλλέα δειρήν* (finely curving symmetry of neck), and the black star on his white breast ; he might trace his clean and graceful limbs, but he could not give any idea of the quiet intelligence and roving speed in his eye, and that beauty of pace and shifting elegance of motion, peculiar to an Arab horse. He had been bought a great bar-

gain, and all the young men envied our hero his possession. Randolph practised on him across the fallow every morning, and improved so rapidly in his riding, that he felt he could venture, without disgrace, to play jockey upon the race-course; for there are no professional jockeys in India. The race took place in the morning. The course was about three miles round, rather sandy at one part, towards the goal. Seven horses started—not the long-legged, specialised monsters called English race-horses, useless for everything save carrying a skinny, corrupt boy over a few furlongs of turf, but officers' chargers, possessing strength, endurance, courage, and beauty, as well as speed. A tall young officer of Artillery took the lead on a bay whaler; then followed an officer of the Carabiniers, a cornet of the 3rd Light Cavalry, and another officer of the Carabiniers; Randolph was fifth; the two behind him had evidently no chance. When they had rounded about two-thirds of the course, Randolph was third, the Artillery officer second, and the Queen's officer leading, and considerably ahead. The second Queen's officer was nearly abreast of Randolph. The last-mentioned officer was evidently still holding in; but after he had gone about a furlong farther, his horse stumbled on



a mouse hole, and fell on his knees. The officer kept his seat even when his horse sprang up again, which elicited the admiration of every one ; but his chance of gaining was over. The remaining three now put their steeds to the highest speed ; but the whaler fell hopelessly behind, going over the sand. It lay now between the two Arabs ; Randolph was about two horses' lengths behind, but to some experienced eyes he was gaining. A blast of wind crossed the course, and the Carabinier's cap blew off. His horse felt it slide over his side, and, as if struck by a sudden thought, stopped for a moment to turn ; his rider urged him on, but it was too late ; the white Arab had crossed the winning-post. He was hailed victor with acclamations. Every one seemed pleased. Randolph alone sat on his steaming steed, bewildered by the speed of the race, confused and bashful. A friendly voice cried, "I wish you joy, Methyl !" On looking that way he saw a young officer on his pony, and a few feet off a carriage. In it sat Mrs. Jopp, Mr. Morris, and Miss Winnington.

"A very promising young officer that Methyl is," said Mrs. Jopp to the Commissioner, who looked fierce, but answered nothing.

"A very noble young sahib," cried a tall old

native, respectably dressed, with a large pugarie on his head, who was standing near the carriage. "I read Persian with him every day. He is very clever, and learns very fast. He speaks Hindustani already like a cutchery sahib." This was no other than Randolph's old Munshi, who had come with his friend, Sarfaraz Khan, the Chowdry of the Artillery bazaar, to see the horse-race—a relaxation of which he was very fond.

"What a handsome young man he is!" said the Chowdry.

"He lives with Major Campbell, and his temper is very good," said the old Munshi. "He will turn out a great man."

This was very annoying to Miss Winnington (who had been studying Hindustani, and understood every word); all the more so, that she thought a number of the people around were watching her and the Commissioner, and talking about them—a surmise by no means incorrect.

"There is Miss Winnington with that old buffer of a Commissioner," said one lieutenant to another.

"That's the girl Methyl was so spooney about."

"He's a clipping fellow, that Methyl; but you know a black coat always gets the ladies round him here. They say a red coat has the innings at

home; but really I forget all about it. It seems half a century since my governor put me on board the ship, to go round the Cape. I wonder how the old gentleman is; I must write to him."

"Yes; but we must see whether Whitecombe's horse has got off sound."

"That's the young ensign," said Dr. Martin, the medical storekeeper, to Captain Brown, "who wanted to marry Miss Winnington, little man that he is. However, the girl's prudent and sensible, and won't listen to such nonsense. These young fellows ought to be prevented from marrying by general orders. They are ruining the funds. There was an assistant-surgeon came the other day to report himself to the superintending surgeon, with a wife and baby—a nice kit for doing detachment duty with."

"What a muff!" said Brown; "but come away, Martin."

In the meantime Randolph had turned, when he heard of the accident that had happened to the two Queen's officers, to express his regret for their ill luck. He wished to yield the prize to the one whose cap had dropped; but he would not hear of it.

Major Campbell was, of course, much pleased at

the success of his protégé, and the failure of the Artillery man; for he bore a grudge against the European Horse Artillery officers, who were in the habit of inveighing against native troops.



## CHAPTER XIII.

IN WHICH MISS WINNINGTON ATTAINS THE OBJECT OF  
HER AMBITION, AND RANDOLPH'S REGIMENT MARCHES  
TO ROHILCUND.

RANDOLPH now busied himself with his books and examination papers. He found a very congenial companion (most of the young gentlemen of his own regiment being rather humdrum) in Lieutenant Colpin, an amiable young officer of Artillery, who, being engaged to a young lady, was reading Persian very hard, to get himself a staff appointment. They found much advantage in studying together, and questioning one another. His spirits began to rise, and he began to find the world as bright as ever. Major Campbell wanted him to read books on political economy, and Blackstone's "Commentaries," that he might qualify himself for civil employ; but the example of the worthy Major destroyed the effect of his precepts. Randolph found more pleasure in reading books upon

tactics and military history. He went over the whole of Cæsar's "Commentaries," with those of Hirtius and Pansa. Major Campbell took great pleasure in hearing Randolph translate and explain the most technical passages of that great military history.

"Why, Cæsar comes up to Napoleon in every way," said the Major; "and was evidently very ill served by his generals"—a remark which will commend itself to the learned.

Randolph was more and more taken by the fine martial carriage and stately build of the Sepoys, by their strange and fantastic notions about honour and caste, and the proud way they bore themselves as soldiers. He was fond of speaking to them, and they admired Methyl Sahib excessively. "God will make him Lath Sahib," they used to say.

In the meanwhile Miss Winnington was passing away her time in the company of the Commissioner. Now that all her manœuvring, and veerings, and tackings were over, and she was fairly becalmed by the side of her future consort, she found it very dull, especially as all the other craft disappeared from the horizon; indeed, the Commissioner was on no ceremony with interlopers. Her mind began to be full of misgivings, and to brood over the wisdom

of her choice—an unsatisfactory occupation, even, when we have chosen rightly; but a torturing one when we have committed a great error. She began to treat Mr. Morris with coolness, to put off the day of the marriage, and to make demands of settlement which that gentleman never believed he could have been brought to grant to any woman. People are, however, the slaves of their own actions. She had not the courage to draw back entirely; moreover, the ill-will between her and Mrs. Jopp, who was not the most amiable of ladies, was now perfectly ripe; and even Major Jopp, whose life was made miserable by his wife's ill humour, looked forward to the day when the cause of irritation would be removed. He was too much of a gentleman to show this; but the young lady was too clever not to see it. She was by no means proud of her prize, but tried to shut her eyes to the fact that she had sold herself. She was writing to England accounts which she knew would make her the envy of her female friends; yet she traced them with a heavy heart. *Que dira le monde?* was a question that sometimes occurred to her; and she had the fortune to hear the opinions of a third party, *in re* Morris Methyl, in a rather unpleasing form. One day on looking out through

the door-screen of her room, to call her ayah, she saw the woman sitting in the verandah with another Mussulmani. A word struck upon her ear, which excited her curiosity, and, gliding behind one of the pillars, she listened to their conversation.

АҮАҢ. “She still lives?”

КҢ. “Yes; and sits in the bazaar at Cawnpore.”

АҮАҢ. “And where is the daughter?”

КҢ. “What do I know? Do you think young Miss Sahib will marry such a man?”

АҮАҢ. “No doubt she will do so.”

КҢ. “Did not that young sahib of the black regiment run after her much?”

АҮАҢ. “Yes; I think he was very fond of her. He does not come now.”

КҢ. “Such a beautiful young man, and of the same age, too! Why does she not prefer him to that bara sahib? She is like a cat on the neck of a camel. A beautiful woman should have a beautiful husband.”

АҮАҢ. “Oh, he has got no power, and few rupees.”

КҢ. “Yes; it is through the greed of rupees that she prefers the bara sahib; but the young sahib is not a poor man, and eats good food, and



puts on good clothes. Moreover, in the course of time, he will come out a colonel sahib."

AYAH. "But this won't come quickly. My Miss is very prudent; she wants just now to have fine clothes, and to wear fine jewels; not when she is an old Mem. As my father says, 'The heart of woman burns for jewels.' "

КН. "No doubt, she won't let them go."

AYAH. "He told me this story, to show how women like jewels:—Once a great king married the daughter of his vizier, and he said to him, 'Your daughter lives with great pleasure in my palace; and what her heart desires, she obtains. I have given her so many jewels that she is satisfied.' The vizier having smiled, said, 'The king has been very provident.' The king answered, 'Why do you smile without reason?' The vizier answered, 'Pardon me, O king! You said that the daughter's heart was satisfied with jewels. No doubt, the king has raised her very high, and given her the finest jewels in the world; but with jewels the heart of women is never filled.' The king said, 'Without doubt, it is difficult; but the begam has so many ornaments, that she must be satisfied.' The next day the vizier went to his daughter, and asked to see her jewels. She showed him ornaments of all

kinds—gold and silver, diamonds, emeralds, and pearls, such as the amir people wear ; but he said, ‘There is still a precious stone, which you have not got.’ On his saying so, she was much dissatisfied. Her father said, ‘Do not be downcast, my daughter : I shall send it you, if you will promise to wear it.’ ‘And why not wear it?’ said she. Then he, having taken a stone for grinding dâl of ten sers\* weight, got it beautifully set in gold, and sent it to his daughter, telling her it was the custom to wear it on the forehead. The next day, when the king went into his zenana, he began to ask, ‘Ôh, begam, why do you raise such a load upon your forehead?’ Then she answered, ‘My father told me that there was still a stone of great price, which I had not got, and I asked him to procure it for me. Does it not please you? Do you not think it becoming?’ The king having called the vizier, said, ‘I now see that you uttered a true word, when you said that the heart of women was never filled with jewels.’ ”

КН. “That’s a good story.”

Apparently Miss Winnington was not so well pleased with it ; for she returned behind the door-screen, and cried out, “Ayah!” with that harsh

\* A ser is about 2 lbs. What would the begam have done had her father brought her a crinoline?

pronunciation which English ladies give to the word, and with a shrillness which the circumstances justified. "What are you doing chattering with that woman?" said she.

"That is the wife of the Khansama. I was speaking two or three words with her, while I was sitting waiting in attendance on Miss Sahib."

Miss Sahib did not know very well how to impeach her attendant; but, reflecting a minute, she made her take out all her clothes, and criticised severely the manner in which they were folded. The wily little Mussulmani, who perfectly understood the truth of the remark, that a "soft answer turneth away wrath," gave her mistress no opportunity of finding fresh fuel for her displeasure, and soon succeeded in softening her ill-humour; indeed, Miss Sahib had no money in hand to pay her off.

She was obliged to fix a day for the marriage; and it came sooner than she wished. It was towards the end of the Commissioner's sick leave; he was now perfectly recovered, and, after the ceremony, would take his bride to his own district. Mrs. Jopp, of course, did not neglect to invite Major Campbell and Mr. Methyl to the marriage. To the surprise of every one, Randolph appeared, looking, if not gay, at least indifferent. It was

a very fine affair. The gates were decked with flowers and leaves; and a large number of guests were present. The bride appeared pale and nervous, and as if lost in thought. In all that gay crowd she only noticed two—Mr. Morris, in black clothes, with a stiff white neckcloth, widely-opening vest, and large expanse of shirt; and Randolph Methyl, in his full-dress uniform, tall and handsome as Apollo. At the church she repeated the words of the service firmly, but in a low voice; and a flood of tears, which burst from her after the ceremony, could scarcely afford matter for anything but the interest and sympathy of the ladies present. The party then returned to the Jopps' house, where a splendid tiffin was prepared; but Randolph did not follow. Although he wore the air of indifference, his heart was sick within him. He shut himself up in his room, thinking over many things in his own sad mind. Mrs. Morris was lying in her bed, her face buried in the cushions, sobbing deeply. That morning she had vowed before God to love John Thomas Morris; and that morning the truth had pierced her haughty heart, at last, that she passionately loved Randolph Methyl.

A few days after the regiment received orders to



march from Meerut to Zobera, a station in Rohilcund. If it had not been for his friend, the artillery officer, Randolph would have met the news with indifference. But a steady friendship had been growing between our hero and Dr. Drummond, the assistant-surgeon of the regiment, a very clever young man, who was now left without a rival on their march out of Meerut, which became a *fait accompli*, after a great deal of squabbling and hustling of native merchants in the lines. There was much youthful confidence between these two. One night, after Randolph had dined next the doctor at mess, they sat talking together in the mess tent, long after everybody else had left. It was near midnight, when the conversation turned upon the old habit of European officers marrying native women.

“I cannot imagine any reason which could induce a man to do so,” observed Randolph.

“Well, you see,” answered the Doctor, “a European seldom views it in that way. He does not make up his mind to marry a native woman, and then go and propose to her; indeed, how could he under ordinary circumstances? No respectable native would give his daughter to a European in marriage, or even allow him to see her. I believe

the thing took place somewhat in this way:—A man, coming out to join his regiment, found it was the custom of many Europeans to have native mistresses. What a common habit it once was you may guess, by the number of old bungalows in Meerut with Zenana compounds attached. He thought it was all very fine, and had one too; but, you see, many of them were very respectable women, left widows in youth, or of families by some mischance reduced to poverty, or deprived of their male relations. Well, she lived with him a year or two, and had a child; then he found it difficult to part with her. The children began to grow up, and run about the compound. The woman made a good mother, and remained faithful to him. The father was obliged, by the opinion of the world, and by the necessity of educating and providing for them in life, to legitimatise them by marrying their mother. Thus it happens there is so much black blood in your old Anglo-Indian families.”

“I have heard it makes them stand the climate better,” said Randolph.

“No doubt, it has that effect,” said the Doctor.

“Do you think the morals of the Europeans in

India have improved since such connections have been given up?"

"I can't say. Vice is not so domestic, perhaps; but it is all the grosser. However, there is nothing a man ought to avoid more carefully than a *liaison* of this kind."

"Do they ever occur now-a-days?"

"Oh, yes, now and then. I knew of one sad instance."

"Did it happen lately?" said Randolph.

"Well, if you would like to hear it, I think I can tell you; only you must not speak about it."

"Oh, no!" said Randolph.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE STORY OF GURIA THE RAJPUTIN.

“WELL, you must know that we Europeans are very fond of the hills, and have built a number of stations there. The valleys about Simla are inhabited by a race of Hindus, whom they call Paharis—that is, mountaineers. Many of them are people of high caste—Brahmins, Rajputs, and Kaneits.

“A young officer, who had sick-leave on account of a hurt he had received in boar-hunting, was once riding along the road by the banks of the Gumber, a stream which flows near the station of Sabathoo. He stopped to rest himself under a tree. Close by there was a small, sloping field, in which a Hindu girl was reaping corn. He commenced asking her questions about the mountains. At first she would not answer him; but as Hindu women, when there is no mixture of Mahomedans, as in these hills, are not so much confined, and have more confidence than their sisters of the plains, she



began to speak a word or two ; and at length turned her head to look at the handsome young Feringhi, and his white hill pony. He saw a beautiful face, the head wrapped up in her gauze rapatta.

“ Some of the women on the hills are exceedingly beautiful, especially about Sabathoo, where the climate is soft and equable. Their complexion is not so dark as the Hindu women of the plains, and their forms have that fine development which continual exercise gives to a well-traced figure. This girl was about fifteen years of age, and of the highest type of Rajput beauty : the oval face, the high forehead, the proud eye, the finely-chiselled nose, and the teeth white as the pearls of the slender ornament which hung from her nose, and dangled coquettishly over her pretty mouth. Her complexion was clear and bright, and her colour so fair that the fresh young blood tinged her cheeks with red. For queenly grace of demeanour and beauty of form this Rajput maiden might have gained the palm over the highest and fairest ladies in England, yet she was but a wild highland girl, dressed in the usual garb of the hills—a loose silk spencer and loose dark blue coloured drawers, descending to her silver anklets. Her naked little feet were encased in plain leather sandals.

“After a few minutes, the woman who had been reaping in the same field returned to take up her sickle, which she had left to descend the precipice, to drink water from the river. The young officer then rode away, thinking the whole night of the beautiful Rajputin.

“He passed the same place next day, and saw her again. Another conversation took place. If her beauty had astonished him the day before, her light thought and intelligent questions and remarks were subjects of new wonder. Where had this girl gained such power and grace of expression? He returned to the dâk bungalow at Kuckerhutti, pleasing himself to imagine that he was charmed with the beauty of the hills around Sabathoo.

“He took his gun on his shoulder, and rambled about the steep ways, shooting partridges. On the third day he again saw and conversed with the Rajputin. She was returning to her village with a load of grass upon her head. He determined to try the assistance of his bearer, who had now reached him. The man was an intelligent fellow, and understood the thing at once. He told his master it was no use writing any letters, because, without doubt, she could not read; but he would go and carry a verbal message.

“ Having with some difficulty found out where the girl lived, which was in a hamlet about four miles off, above the banks of the Gumber, he set out, with a lotah in his hand, in the middle of the day, pretending he wanted to purchase butter. All the men of the village were out working, but he found the Rajputin girl sitting by the hut. With much difficulty he induced her to promise to speak with the sahib, early the next morning, near the place where they had first met.

“ The impatience with which the officer waited for the return of his servant, and the beating of his heart as he listened to the sound of his coming footsteps, and the pleasure he felt at the news of his success, astonished himself.

“ ‘ What you have to say to her, say at once,’ remarked the bearer. ‘ I got her to promise to come, with great difficulty, by saying you were a skilful astrologer, who would tell her her fortune. I am not sure even that she will come.’

“ She appeared, however, next morning at the place appointed ; but she had evidently done so with much misgiving.

“ ‘ I must go away, sahib,’ said she. ‘ What will the people say if any one sees us ? ’

“ The young man detained her, eagerly, and

poured out all that stream of compliments and courtly phrases which Europe has elaborated for the benefit of lovers, mixed with the tender grace of Persian poetry.

“She listened with surprise; to her ear all this sounded quite new, and no doubt very charming. The vapid compliments on the leaf of a valentine, translated into the soft Hindustani, were as fresh to her as the prairies of the Mississippi would be to a Bedouin of the Sahara. The idea that any one should ask her own consent, or think that her own heart was a thing she had a right to dispose of, was an unaccustomed one.

“Hindu women are given away in marriage by their parents, when they are mere girls, just as one would give a foal or a calf. Their husbands even sometimes take the liberty of selling them, or making them over to another man; or, as happens in the hills, two or three brothers will share a wife among them, if they are too poor to have one each. Divorce, however, is rare in the hills, where women, taken even on the lowest ground of appreciation, are highly valued for the household work they do. If a woman lose her first husband, it is generally her own fault. “

“To go on. She listened to all his speeches with



a smile, but scarcely that of acquiescence. He proposed she would fly away with him to Hoshiarpore, where his regiment was.

“A sudden thought struck him. Was she married?—had she a husband?”

“Of course she was. All girls of her age are in India. The man to whom she had been married, when a girl of ten years old, was a zemindar near Haripur.

“The officer recoiled. ‘Have you ever lived with him?’

“‘Never!’ said she.

“‘Why not?’

“‘He has not yet taken me to his house.’

“‘And why not?’

“‘I don’t know. It is his pleasure.’

“‘Do you like him?’

“She gave a gesture expressive of the contrary.

“‘You are very foolish to allow him to come, and take you away at his leisure, like a goat or a donkey. Come with me rather, who will always love you, and will never beat you or ill use you, as the Hindu men do their wives.’

“‘Do the white people not beat their wives?’

“‘Oh, no!’ said he.

“ ‘ But what do they do to them when they do wrong ? ’

“ ‘ Oh, they speak to them.’

“ ‘ Speak to them ! ’ said she, mimicking his accent, with a musical laugh ; ‘ that must be very pleasant, but I don’t think it is true.’

“ The officer assured her it was.

“ ‘ Well, I have heard,’ said she, ‘ that the white people revered a woman like a cow, and that it was a great sin to ill-use or strike her.’

“ They parted with a promise to meet again. The officer sent his servant to inquire more narrowly about the girl. Her name was Guria ; she was the daughter of a Rajput Zamindar, but her parents were both dead. She lived with an uncle and an old female relation ; the latter was not very kind to her.

“ The steepness of these mountains,\* especially on their southern aspects, is such, that there is actually no level ground, only a few sloping ledges of soil,

\* The mountains round the Simla group of Sanitana. The Himalayas are frightfully steep everywhere. On the southern side, large valleys are rare ; Cashmere, Katmandu, Almorah, and Rampur are the most important. On the Tibet side, the hills are not so steep, and there are many lakes, which are almost wanting on the sloping ravines on the southern aspect.

here and there, formed by the out-cropping margin of each uplifted stratum of rock, which descend, tier by tier, like gigantic buttresses to the great peaks above. Sometimes the mountain-side is terraced by human labour. Fatigued by the endless succession of fells and precipices, the eye of the traveller rests with delight on a green valley, miles off; but, on making his toilsome way to it, he stumbles in a stony ravine full of disjointed masses of rock, every ten yards of level ground covered by the crops of the industrious Pahari.

“ Naturally, the native of the hills is a poor man. If he is a Zamindar, he lives in a little cottage, with the huts of his labourers on each side. Ten or twelve houses make a large village. He has two or three cows; and is frugal and hardy, mixing his flour with the seeds of the battu (*Amaranthus anardana*). Around the hill-sanitaria, which the Europeans have built, the Paharis are always better off. They get a market for their spare wheat, or rice, and for their milk, butter, and honey. Many rear sheep; but, with all these helps, a man who clears a hundred rupees a year is thought rich. Their sons go to Simla or Mussouri to become jaunpaun bearers, grass cutters, or, if fortune smile, chaprassies; but nothing will induce them

to leave the hills. Experience has taught them that they cannot labour in the heat of the plains. In the summer, the Pahari goes half naked ; and in the winter wraps himself up in his blanket, and warms his bare legs at his pine fire. Fuel, in the hills, is cheaper than clothes. He is very ignorant and very proud : defects which go well together.

“ The day appointed, the officer was at the place ; but Guria was not there. He ran up and down the road, listening for her light footsteps ; he clambered up to the highest rocks, and looked around for her graceful figure ; but he saw no one. After waiting several hours, he returned to the dâk bungalow, very much downcast. His bearer was again called in. He evidently thought the case rather serious. ‘ Sahib,’ said he, ‘ the hill people are very rough. If they see a Purbea going into their villages they will beat him and drive him away. Take this, my advice, leave the woman alone. She is of high caste, and the pride of Rajputs is very great.’ \*

\* Pride of birth, in Europe, is a worn-out prejudice, which imposes upon very few. Even people who pretend to attach importance to a notion that flatters their self-complacency, disregard it at their own convenience, though, mayhap, not at that of any one else. But in India it is different. Among those races, doomed to perpetual childishness, such distinctions hold the highest place. Grass, in Europe, has but a tiny blade, which a child can trample under foot ; or, at most, a reed, the head of



“This, however, he would not do. The servant at last suggested that some hill women should be sent, who could go into the village and speak to the girl without danger. The day after, he brought a woman living at Sabathoo, who promised to do his errand. She returned, in a few hours, saying, she had heard that the girl was gone away to a Hindu wedding in a village about ten miles off; but was expected back next day. But next day she had not returned. It appeared, however, that she had been kept back by the rising of the mountain streams from a sudden fall of rain. Two days more elapsed before the officer met her again. His impatience was excessive. On seeing her, he again renewed his persuasions, in order to induce her to elope with him. She at first seemed quite turned against it.

“‘What caste are you of?’ said she. ‘I am a Rajput.’

which a schoolboy knocks off with his switch, or a lady could snip through with her scissors; but, in India, the same family brings forth a gigantic bamboo, which forms a hedge that turns back the elephant, and whose siliceous integument dints the point of the hatchet. So it is with the pride of birth; from his descent of thousands of years, the Brahmin peasant looks down upon the low caste Rajah. He would not sell his daughter to the wealthiest banker of the world, like an English aristocrat; he would not marry a washerwoman, after failing to seduce her, like a German graf; nor espouse the daughter of a fortunate Jewish speculator, like a French gentilhomme.

“ He found it very difficult to explain to her that out of India there were no castes.

“ ‘ They must be all of low caste,’ said she. (Besides, she believed that India was bigger than all the rest of the world.) ‘ Then, if I go away with you, you will soon tire of me, and throw me away. There is a Chamarin in Garkhel, who went to live with a sahib in Kussouli; and, at the end of a month, he gave her the forty rupees he promised, and sent her back with great shame into her own village.’

“ The officer combated all these arguments in the most persuasive manner he could, and another meeting was arranged. Of course, the same subject was renewed.

“ ‘ But if I leave the mountain country, I shall turn ill, and die; below it is very hot.’

“ ‘ Oh, no; I myself come from a much colder country, and like Hindustan very much.’

“ ‘ If I go with you to the Punjaub, what shall I do there?’

“ ‘ Oh, you will live with great pleasure in my bungalow, and I shall give you servants and bring you everything your heart desires.’

“ ‘ But you will marry a mem sahib of your own country, and leave me, or make me her slave.

They say that the white people only make one marriage. Will you marry me?'

"In truth, this question was beginning to render him very anxious.

" ' You are not ready to do that, it is easy to see. Shall I leave my father and mother,\* country and home, all for you, a stranger man, only to become your handmaid? It is better that I sit upon my own seat.'

"He could not help feeling the truth of this. Upon the wild hill-side, by a precipice leaning over the Gamber, a few feet of ground were enclosed by four walls of stones, plastered up with clay, and covered over by a roof of wood and earth. Here from infancy she had sought shelter, from the hot sun, from the plashing periodical rains, and from the cold of winter; here at night, on the dark hill-side, a lamp had burned, by whose light she had sat to eat her bread. In front of her father's hut, a few scattered roods of land were covered with rice or maize; here were her cows and her goats; here had passed her infancy and childhood. In the ravines round about she had gone to amuse herself at the fairs and weddings of her own people. Her

\* Guria, agreeably to Hindu notions, counted her uncle and the female relation her father and mother.

home was four thousand feet high, in the midst of the most gigantic mountains. All that she knew of the low country was what she had seen from the top of Kussouli, the parched plains of Hindustan, with two of the five rivers of the Punjaub glittering in the setting sun. There were dim spots towards the close of the horizon, which she had heard were cities peopled by crowds of men—Lodiana, Patiala, Umbala, and nearer still, Pinjur, in the midst of its dark mango topes. But what were these to *her*, daughter of the shady Himalayas?

“The highlander clings to his stony valley; the Bedouin to his sandy desert; the Greenlander to his ice-bound coast, with a love of which the civilised man knows nothing; and if it was true that the girl loved him enough, and had such a deep faith in his honour, as to give up everything for him, and go amongst strangers, whose customs she abhorred, whose name she feared, and whose religion she disliked, could he cheat her into a bargain which only those make who intend to break it at some future day?

“There were, however, many worldly objections to his marrying a Hindu peasant girl. The time of such connections has long passed away, for pride of race has strengthened in the European



with every year of his supremacy. The young man had ambition, and could not disguise the fact that such a marriage would bring ridicule upon his name, and seriously damage his prospects of rising. The great objection that she was already married did not strike him so forcibly; he regarded this merely as a contract which her uncle had made when she was a child, without her consent, or that of the boy they called her husband. She had never lived with him, that was certain. For some reason or other he had delayed claiming her. The young officer resolved to carry away and marry her—a determination which to some, who have never observed the force of passion, may appear incredible. But the young man had a warm imagination, as well as a kind and noble heart. He believed that he had lighted upon one of those superior beings whom Nature produces here and there, in all countries, and under all circumstances. It was his fortune to recognise and bring out her good qualities. All the fair English ladies he had seen were nothing in his eyes to that dark-haired Rajputin. She was still very young; and a careful training might remove the defects of her Hindu education, and bring out the beautiful moral sense and delicate taste which he was confident she possessed.

That she would soon make a fine lady none could doubt, who saw her walk two steps, or gather her repatta round her head, with elegant simplicity. One time she sang some stanzas of a highland song—

Hansó miá ! boló miá !

Ai meri jan boló miá !

Tum to meri jan— \* \*

Smile, my love ! speak, my love !

Oh, my darling, speak !

For you are indeed my life— \* \*

in a voice that promised a rich return to culture.

“ On his pressing her farther to fly with him, she led him up to a knoll on the slope of a hill. Here was a rudely carved altar, on which the Paharis occasionally sacrificed a goat to the Devi of the mountains. ‘Swear,’ said she, ‘that, if I go with you, you will never leave me.’ He swore by his own head, and by the Being who had made him and her, that he would never desert her. She then promised to go to Hoshiarpur with him, and be faithful to him, as long as she drew breath. Next day, appointed for their meeting, she did not appear. His bearer said that it was all a trick ; she merely wished to amuse herself with him ; a high caste woman would never run away with a white man ; besides, the hill people never left their

hills, and were very deceitful to strangers. The young man would not listen to him, and told him to send again the woman to her village. The messenger returned with the news that the old woman with whom Guria lived had found out that she had been speaking to a sahib, and had beaten her, and was keeping her in the house. The girl, however, said that she would easily find an opportunity of escaping; but the best way was to get everything ready for her flight, and then they might start off at once, without hazarding anything more. 'Her last words were,' said the messenger, 'Say to sahib, "Remember me."'

"This naturally caused her lover great anxiety; but he prepared everything for her flight. His servant bought a pony, on which she could ride in three or four hours to the foot of the hills, where sixteen bearers were ready to carry her in a doolie to Lodiana, about seventy miles, in two days. He was to come on behind, meet her there, and take her to Jallander. She was to wear the dress and the bhurka of a Mussulman woman. Once beyond the hills, all traces would be lost. The officer's name was unknown at the dâk bungalow; he had not met with a creature that had seen him before on the hills; his health was now quite restored, and

he had given up all intentions of going to Simla. The scheme seemed perfectly feasible, and he was indeed sure of success. It might be expected that the girl's uncle, with his servants and friends, would give chase; but there was little chance of their gathering together in time to overtake the lovers. Once he had regularly married the girl, he calculated, no European magistrate would allow her to be taken away from him. He would, when he had a safe opportunity, send to the despoiled Rajput the money expended upon her Hindu wedding. Through the medium of the messenger the morning was fixed; for it is not easy to ride in the hills at night. The officer had his horse ready saddled, his pistols loaded, and two servants, whom he could count upon, armed with swords. His bearer was to wait for the girl at the trysting place. She was to come about daybreak; but after several hours the man returned to his master, saying she had not come. The officer thought that some unforeseen difficulty had arisen, and sent his messenger to the village. She was not long in returning.

“He cried out eagerly: ‘What has happened? Why did she not come?’

“‘The girl can’t come,’ said the messenger, in an excited manner.



“ ‘ Why does she not come ? ’

“ ‘ The girl is dead.’

“ ‘ It is not true,’ cried the young man, turning pale ; ‘ the last day I saw her she was strong and healthy. You are deceiving me.’

“ The woman swore by the Gunga, and by the head of her son, that the girl was dead, and that she had seen her body.

“ The bearer agreed with his master in believing it was a trick. He supposed that, being suspicious of her intention of running away, they had removed her to another village, and given out that she had died, to prevent further search or rescue. He wished the woman to go back and examine the thing more narrowly, especially as she owned she had not seen the body itself, only a sheet covering something ; but go back she would not.

“ ‘ That is a bad old woman. They looked at me as if they were going to kill me,’ said she.

“ Neither promise nor persuasion could shake her in her resolution. The bearer, however, the day after, managed to bribe a Chamar lad, who lived in the village, to come to his master and tell what he knew. He swore that the girl was indeed dead ; that she had been quite well the morning before, and was not observed to have anything the matter

with her during the day. In the evening, according to custom, she ate bread with her uncle and the old female relation, and soon after was seized with sickness and faintness. She complained of great pain in the stomach, and shrieked and made a noise as if delirious. She soon became insensible, and died about the middle of the night. The old woman scarcely spoke a word, but sedulously nursed the girl, and gave her to drink; but the uncle went out of the house and wept. He said there had been a great deal of quarrelling between the three for several days back; and that the man the girl had been married to came and had an altercation with her uncle. This, however, had happened several times before, as the young man had got entangled with another Rajput woman, the wife of a labourer in his hamlet. This was all he could or would tell. He told it unwillingly, bit by bit, and only under a promise his name would not be used. He added: 'She is to be buried to-day.'

" 'Why do they not burn her body?' asked the bearer, sharply.

" 'How do I know?' answered the man.

" When he was gone, the officer said: 'Do you think that they have poisoned her?'

“ ‘God knows! It is possible. I have heard that the Rajputs occasionally will not burn the bodies of their daughters. They say: “Perhaps she has done something bad, secretly.” I think the girl has come into suspicion with them; but these people will tell nothing.’ \*

“ They waited for the funeral behind some bushes. It came at last. Four men bore on their shoulders a string charpoy, covered by a sheet, below which might be traced the muffled outline of a motionless form. A few mourners—many would not come to *bury* one of their caste—followed the body, chanting a plaintive strophe as they went down the lonely hill-road. They soon turned aside to a rugged and narrower path, and a crag shut them from view. With a curse between his lips the officer turned away, mounted his horse, and urged it at its utmost speed up the winding road which leads to

\* The Rajputs, all over India, have, from ancient times, been in the habit of secretly murdering their female offspring, in order to escape the expense of their marriages, or the shame of their being left unmarried. This is generally accomplished by smearing some narcotic juice on the breast of the mother, when the unfortunate infant sucks in poison with its first nutriment. We are not aware if this practice prevails about Sabathoo; but it is well known at Kangra, not very far off. Of course, both the bearer and his master were aware of this bloody spot in the character of the tribe. Indian infanticide has been the subject of volumes.

Kussouli. He breathed his steed for a minute or two, as, near the village of Garkhel, he came in sight of the bungalows topping the hill, and then sped on more furiously than before, pushing up the shortest way. 'Who are the doctors in this station?' he asked of the first European soldier he met.

" 'There are two, sir, with the regiment, a surgeon and assistant-surgeon; and there is one come here ill, a Company's officer, who lives by himself in the bungalow at the top of that precipice.'

" 'Is he able to see any one?'

" 'I think he is; but can't say very well.'

" He turned his horse up the narrow path which led to the doctor's house, alighted, and letting it go, strode into the verandah.

" The glass door was open, and he stepped in. A young man was lying on a sofa. 'I hope I don't intrude upon you, Doctor,' said he.

" 'Oh, not at all! Take a chair, if you please. Can I serve you in any way? I hope you are not ill?'

" 'Oh, not I,' said the officer. 'Do I look ill?'

" 'You look rather pale.'

" 'It was not about myself I came. I wished the



benefit of your advice in a case that has just happened, unless it would fatigue you too much.'

" 'Not at all. Let us hear it at once.'

"He then detailed the symptoms already described. 'If a person died in such a manner, what would you say was the cause of death?'

" 'They are the symptoms of poisoning by *Datura stramonium*.'

" 'That is a common plant in India, is it not?'

" 'Yes.'

" 'And common on the hills?'

" 'Common everywhere. It is a well-known poison, and very often employed by the natives.'

" 'Could you swear to a case of poisoning by it?'

" 'No, I should not like to do so from the symptoms alone. They are not constant, and, to a certain extent, equivocal.'

" 'But you could find out by examining the body of a person poisoned?'

" 'That must be difficult, especially if there had been a good deal of vomiting. I am not aware that there is any test for datura; a solution might be detected by the property it has of dilating the pupil.'

" 'I think I must trust you with the whole story,'

said the officer, 'leaving it to your honour and discretion not to make a bad use of it.'

"He then freely related all the circumstances to the Doctor, and asked him what ought to be done.

" 'The less the better,' answered the latter, drily.

" 'What do you mean? Do you think I shall let these people escape?'

" 'I advise you, seriously, to let them alone. If you speak about the thing, you will do more harm to yourself than to them.'

" 'I don't mind that at all,' cried the young man, getting more excited. 'This was a foul and cruel murder, and shall not go unavenged, if I can help it.'

" 'But you *can't* help it. I think it is very probable that this unfortunate girl was poisoned; but that is not sufficient to affix the blame on any particular person. Supposing you could prove she had actually died of datura, you must also be in a position to show by whom it was administered. She may have taken it herself; and besides, to whom would you complain? Her village is in the Patiala ground. You will be obliged to go to the native Rana, who is himself a Rajput, and would probably consider that the people did quite rightly, if they poisoned the girl to prevent her being carried

away by a Feringhi. Take my advice ; leave vengeance to Him who never judges wrongly, and who will punish the guilty for many a dark and many an open crime.'

" ' I very much fear you say the truth,' said the young man. ' And who deserves to be punished more than myself? I was her real murderer. It was my thoughtless covetousness that has brought her to her grave in the opening of her youth. It began in folly, and ended in death.'

" ' One thing I recommend you to do,' said the Doctor, after a long pause, ' is to be sure that she is really dead. If you can find the place, send some one to lift off the earth, and identify the body.'

" After a little consideration, the officer determined that the thing should be done. His bearer was called, and the Doctor sent two men with him to lift up the body. The bearer succeeded in finding the place, a lonely shelf of soil on the edge of the precipice, where, under a wild pomegranate tree, they had laid the poor mountain girl ; for it was indeed she.

" ' I saw her face,' said the bearer ; ' and so beautiful. They had taken off all her jewels ; but there was one ring they could not remove. I

wrenched it away, and have brought it as a token, with the lock of hair you asked.'

"The young officer left the hills that night, and returned to his regiment. I heard later that he had exchanged, at some loss, into an Irregular regiment on the Hazara frontier. About eight months after, the news came that he was killed. A good while after I fell in with an officer of the corps, from whom I inquired the particulars.

" ' Ah, yes, poor fellow ! There was not a braver heart on the frontier. He fell leading his men up the bed of a stream, to force their way into the valley of one of the fiercest tribes in the hills. He was shot through the chest, and only survived a few minutes. We buried him that night on a cliff, under a pine tree. What was singular, on our opening his breast to see the wound, he grasped something in his hand ; it was a silver ring, such as native women wear, hanging from his neck by a ribbon ; wound round it was a long lock of black hair ; and the whole was wrapped up in a piece of coarse native paper, on which was written, in the Nagari character, the words—

हमको याद में रखो

Hamko yad men rakho, '

' Remember me ! ' "



## CHAPTER XV.

MARCHING IN INDIA—HISTORY, LIKE NATURE, EXISTS  
“IN MINIMIS;” ONE SEPOY RUNS “A-MUCK,” AND  
THEN THE WHOLE BENGAL ARMY.

RANDOLPH shared the tent of Major Campbell, as he had none of his own. The marching delighted him; the very change of scene was exhilarating; the fresh, open-air life, and the entire absence of all care and causes of disquietude, made him bound with a new vigour. He saw every day more things to admire about the character of Major Campbell. The paternal kindness he showed to his men was as wonderful as the respect and affection displayed towards him. One day he heard that a soldier had lost his bundle of clothes and blanket; Major Campbell at once gave him twenty rupees to buy new ones. Another day, a gigantic Brahmin Sepoy came to his tent, with a little boy in his arms. “His mother is sick,” said he (for no Hindu would speak of his wife as such), “and

cannot walk after the regiment.” The Major at once made arrangements for conveying the poor woman in a doolie the whole way, and paid the bearers himself.

Randolph saw more of the Sepoys than he had done in the lines. A picturesque sight it was, on a moonlight night, to watch them making ready their evening meal; to see them trace their circle on the ground, beyond which no one of a lower caste could step; shape their little clay fire-place, take off their upper garment, and bake their bread, patting the chapatties affectionately as they put them on the tawa.

Campbell’s influence was as great among the officers as among the men. The Colonel was a mild old gentleman, subject to ague; his strength weakened and his nerves relaxed by that exhausting disease, and by long exposure to the climate. He followed the suggestions of the Major with a servility almost amusing. None of the other officers came near Campbell in intelligence or knowledge of his profession; indeed, the best of them were away on staff employ.

Rohilcund, as everybody knows, is full of immense forests, among which stray the elephant and the tiger. Randolph had a great desire to see a tiger-

hunt, and Major Campbell and Captain Mansell took him with them upon a Shikari elephant. After crushing through the long cane jungle for an hour or two, Mansell cried out, "Ah, there is one!" The tiger was running off; Mansell fired, and hit it on the shoulder. It stopped for an instant, as if doubting whether to turn or fly, when a bullet from Campbell struck the back of the head, and it dropped down dead. Randolph's rifle was still loaded. "A nice fellow you are to go out shooting with, Campbell," said the Captain. "There is more sport bagging a snipe."

Two or three days after, word was brought that a very large tiger was prowling round a village. A party of officers went at once with several native hunters, who led them to the place where the enemy was supposed to be. They came upon it, just as the jungle was getting too thick for them to crush through. It was crouching behind a bush. "There he is!" cried the Major.

"Where?" cried Randolph.

"Why, there, in front of you."

Randolph could see nothing. The Major deliberately broke off a gigantic reed about twenty feet long, and pushed it in the brute's face. Randolph fired in an instant. With a roar, it sprang upon

them. The Major got out of the way in time, but Randolph was thrown over. Luckily he fell among some bushes, where the tiger could not get so easily at him. With one scratch the brute tore all the clothes off his back, and his claws went deep into the flesh. Campbell fired; the tiger was just about seizing Randolph when the bullet struck it somewhere about the head, without the desired effect. It looked up for a moment, and then turned to Randolph again. But the rest of the party were up, and several shots were fired. Randolph was lying, unable to rise, under the furious beast, whose eyes gleamed like coals of fire.

“Save the boy,” cried Campbell, in the deep voice which moved the heavy battalions.

Randolph saw the animal bring its head down to him, and open its hideous mouth, when the next moment its huge body fell across his chest, and its last breath gushed out over his face through the huge nostrils. Captain Mansell’s bullet had entered the forehead. Randolph was picked up, and his wounds examined. An artery in the side had been torn by the brute’s claws, and caused some trouble before it could be tied. Dr. Drummond, by good luck, was with them. The tiger skin was unanimously voted to Randolph, as a solatium for the



injuries he had received ; but instead of riding the rest of the march, he had to be carried in a doolie, and was put upon the sick list. Randolph noticed the faithful attendance and affectionate concern of his bearer, who seemed never to weary of being by him. He had, of course, the indispensable number of servants in India—a bearer, khidmatgar, bhistie, dhobi, syce, grasscut, chokidar, and mehtir.

Our hero's wounds, however, healed kindly ; and the affair gave him much consequence, till a more startling incident occurred, which took place on the last day's march. Three Rajput soldiers occupied one tent, and were great friends. One of them, Thakur Singh, had bought, on the road, a rather costly ring. He sat down among a group of Sepoys who were chatting together. After hearing them a while, he found that he had lost the ring. Several days subsequently he discovered that it was in the knapsack of his comrade, and tent companion, Hira Singh, and asked him why he had not returned it at once. Hira Singh said he had picked it up from the ground, and did not know to whom it belonged. The other replied that he must have noticed it, because he himself was playing with it in his hand when they were talking together. Hira Singh retorted that he had no proof that the ring really

belonged to him. The third Rajput in the tent, Chandi Ram, took part against Hira Singh. An altercation followed, and the three disputants went to Major Campbell, who tried to soothe their injured pride, and to show them that it was a misunderstanding, and that both parties might be without bad intentions. He blamed Thakur Singh for not making his loss public at once. The two seemed satisfied, but Hira Singh said nothing. That night, Major Campbell was sitting writing in his tent. Randolph was lying in bed, when the Major's bearer came in and said, "Hira Singh wishes to speak with Major Sahib."

"Tell him to come in," said the Major; "and," addressing Randolph, "I hope there is no more of that foolish quarrel."

The door-screen of the tent was turned aside, and the gigantic figure of the Sepoy entered. He saluted the Major respectfully; Randolph noticed he had a drawn sword in his hand, but it returned no reflection from the rays of the lamp.

"Salaam, Major Sahib," said he; "I have come to tell you that I have cut off the heads of my brothers, Thakur Singh and Chandi Ram, because they took away my reputation."

"What do you say?" cried the Major; "and you

have come here, too, with a drawn sword in your hand. Lay it down there, and report yourself as under arrest."

Randolph, in the meantime, had risen and caught his sword. The Sepoy approached Major Campbell, apparently with the intention of laying his weapon on the table, when, seeing Randolph in the act of springing between them, he turned round and ran out of the tent. They heard a shriek and a fall; both rushed after the Sepoy. He had cut down one of the Major's servants, and was running about, striking at everybody he saw. Though it was late, there were still a good many natives talking or smoking together. Randolph pursued him closely. The whole camp was getting alarmed. He suddenly ran towards the rear, and made straight for some one they could not distinguish in the darkness. Randolph, who was gaining upon him, struck at him with his sword, but at too great a length; for it only severed the skin of the man's back. The Sepoy had thrown the figure he was attacking on the ground; but, on feeling the wound, wheeled round, and turned another way. At that very moment, a Sepoy ran up and shot him dead. They raised the prostrate figure, who turned out to be the Colonel. He was very slightly wounded, but

his nerves were shaken, and he seemed much hurt by the accident. In fact, he was quite hysterical. "I never thought, George," said he, addressing Campbell, "of one of my own men trying to kill me."

They found the bodies of the two Rajputs, with the heads severed, lying on the outside of their tent, where, according to an inveterate habit of the Sepoys, they had gone to sleep.

Hira Singh had killed two more and wounded three, besides the Colonel. None of his caste would go to his funeral; and his body was buried in the jungle, by the hands of sweepers.

The Colonel's health, as already stated, was very much shaken, and the doctor strenuously advised him to go to the hills, if it were only for a month.

"I don't know if I'll ever be back to command the regiment again," said he to Campbell; "indeed, who would miss me, with a man like you to succeed me? However, I am beginning to think of retiring and going to Europe, to live quietly with my wife and daughters."

In truth, the poor old gentleman felt lonely, quitting his regiment, and going to the hills. His wife had left India twelve years before, with her two daughters, and refused to come back to



him. She, however, wrote him affectionate letters by every mail. She lived in Florence, where she did much good by distributing tracts. Another of the officers had his wife in Tours, who wanted to come out to him, but he always put her off by promising to come home on furlough.

“My dear Colonel,” answered the Major, “you take this accidental affair far too much to heart. Why, every Sepoy in the regiment would be in tears if you left us! To say the truth, I was beginning to think of retiring myself.”

“What an extraordinary fellow you are, George!” replied the Colonel. “What motive have you to retire?”

“More than you know of,” said the Major. “Don’t think I am joking. Perhaps we shall go home together.”

“If the Government has any sense, they won’t accept of your resignation,” said the Colonel.

“Ah, no more compliments,” cried the Major; “they make me quite sad. But here is young Methyl, who has got on his clothes, and is coming to see you.”

Randolph’s own wound had luckily not been much irritated by the race he had taken; but his feet had been all bruised and torn. The Colonel,

of course, thanked him warmly for the service he had received from him. Soon after, he set out for Nynee Tal.

Major Campbell was left in command of the regiment, which, without more ado, arrived in Zobera. It was a new station, and there was some difficulty in getting houses for all the officers. Major Campbell was obliged to take one more than a mile from the lines of the regiment; but he spent most of his time in a tent on the parade-ground.

About this time strange reports of disaffection amongst the Sepoys at Barrackpore, near Calcutta, reached their station.

“Can you imagine anything like it?” said Campbell. “That ignorant fellow, Birch, has actually allowed the grease of the cow and pig to be mixed together by the low-caste lascars, and served out to the Sepoys to oil the cartridges for the new rifle. Of course they won’t bite them.”

“I think they ought to be made to bite them,” said a lieutenant.

“If they put them within their lips,” said Campbell, “they lose their caste. Why, to force them to bite such cartridges would be worse than trying to force Mahomedans to eat pork, or a con-

vent of monks to eat flesh on a Friday. It would be nothing less than religious persecution !”

“ Well, I hope there will be no more mischief come out of it,” said Mansell. “ I remember reading of the mutiny at Vellore, which was caused by that rotten fellow, Lord William Bentinck, trying to force the Madras Sepoys to shave their beards and wear a hat.”

“ What was that affair that took place at Dumdum ? ”

“ Oh, that was at the time of the Burmese wars, when the 47th N. I. were ordered to Chittagong. They refused to march, and assembled on the parade-ground with their arms. A number of Sepoys from two other regiments joined them. Two King’s regiments were brought up, and the guns turned upon them. They made no resistance : a number of them were killed, and the rest bolted. I believe it was owing to the Government, who, not being able to get carriage for their baggage, gave them money, and told them to find carriage for themselves. I think the order rescinding this came too late. But the Sepoys never liked going to Burmah ; they can’t bear the climate, and feel a horror of the country, as a place full of witches and enchantments.”

Every day some new report of disaffection amongst the Sepoys entered the station by newspaper, letter, or passer-by. Campbell pooh-poohed at it; they had often been frightened by such stuff already.

“I have seen many of these little fits of contumacy. I remember hearing that four regiments would not go through the Kyber Pass to relieve Sale, at Jellalabad; and at the end of the same war, eight regiments, coming home from Cabul, when ordered off to Sind, refused to go, and carried their point too. Several regiments ordered to succeed them mutinied at Ferozepore; and two hundred men of the 4th N. I. took their discharge. We were glad to get rid of them. In the Sikh war, too, there was a story of a mutiny at Dinapore. This thing will pass away, too,” went on the Major; “and I suppose Birch will be rewarded for his advice helping the Government out of the scrape.”

The Major was perpetually writing to his friends; and was thus able, by the breadth of his local information, to refute every local report *seriatim*. Still his mind appeared unsatisfied. The news of the *émeute* at Berhampore on the 25th of February, appeared to startle him; but the effects soon passed



away. His own Sepoys began to hear the accounts, and to talk amongst themselves.

One day some one brought him an artful and mischievous article in a Persian newspaper, saying it had been circulated amongst the men. He sent it to the magistrate, but the latter said he could not interfere.

Randolph, in the meantime, had recovered from his hurts, and was spending his time very pleasantly. He was more uneasy about those reports than the Major. His view of the case, founded upon history, was short and simple. All large bodies of purely mercenary troops will try to grasp the power in their own hands, if they can get a proper chance ; all Asiatic races are cruel and treacherous ; any cause sufficient to produce general discontent has a tendency to produce a general mutiny. It may be imagined such arguments as these had very little effect upon the other officers. They trusted to their intimate knowledge of the disposition of their men, and to the life-long experience they had had of their fidelity.

“ I wonder why the Commander-in-Chief does not issue a notification, to be read to every regiment, that this whimsy about the Government wanting to destroy their caste is unfounded.”

“What right has the Indian Government to imagine it is above suspicion? One would think we had neither a Commander-in-Chief nor a Governor-General.”

“The men are talking about the thing, I can tell you,” said another officer.

“What surprises me,” said Major Campbell, “is that they do not come and state their suspicions frankly to their officers. I think they would if they took it very much to heart. It is natural they should speak about a thing of that kind, which interests them closely.”

Immediately after this conversation followed the news of the attempt of Mangal Pandey to shoot the Adjutant on parade at Barrackpore.

“I fear,” said Campbell, “that the attachment between the men and their officers is becoming cold; and, in many cases, the latter are to blame. I would swear that none of our men would ever allow such a thing to happen.”

Randolph was one day speaking to the Subahdar about these symptoms of discontent.

“What do the men say amongst themselves?”

“They are afraid of their caste, and say they won’t bite the cartridges—nothing more.”

“But the servants say that a great deal of mutinous language goes on in the bazaars.”

“I never heard that, Gharibparwar,” said the old Subahdar; “I never go to the bazaars; but what would they say? The men are good men, and have eaten the Company’s salt, and will ever remain faithful to the sahib log.”

“Have you heard that there has been a number of bungalows set on fire, night after night, at Umbala?”

“I did not hear it, Gharibparwar,” replied the Subahdar. “Is it known who set them on fire?”

“It is not known, certainly; but it is suspected to be some scoundrels who wish to corrupt the Sepoys.”

“A very bad word,” said the native. “This is my hope, that the scoundrels, being discovered, may get their reward.”

In the meantime, the drowsy life of the station was going on. The weather was getting hotter every day; and every one said the season was a cool one. The flowers appeared on every side, and Nature wore a gayer garb; for, in this sunny land, it has never any winter weeds. Randolph had

letters from Reid and Paterson. Reid had a station above Delhi, and Mr. Paterson in the Punjaub. He was made Assistant-Commissioner in a large city the moment he arrived, and fifty-four cases were given him to decide, such as men accused of horse-stealing, or petty forgeries, and disputed cases of debt. He was in great perplexity, as he knew as much about Punjabi as a Bengali, who had studied English for a few months in London, might do of the dialect in the heart of Galloway. He was trying to put the cases off till he had acquired the language. "Mr. White," he wrote, "had passed his examination swimmingly, and was now in Rohilcund." A few days after, Randolph had a visit from that worthy, who had been ordered off to the Punjaub; Sir John Lawrence having applied for several of the competition men. He had been a fortnight under Mr. Morris, at Madhuganj. That gentleman was not getting on with his wife so well as was to be desired. She complained that the place was very dull. "The last time I was at dinner there, I observed they never addressed one another."

A day or two after this, Major Campbell, who received letters regularly from Europe, said to our



hero, "I am glad to see you have got over all that folly about Mrs. Morris. I have just received a letter, which unfortunately I cannot read to you; but the writer, who had good means of knowing, and whom I can trust, says that there is a blemish upon her name, sufficient, in my opinion, to make a gentleman decline marrying her, at least till it is cleared up, which could hardly be in India. I really think you have made a lucky escape; at the same time, there is no use reviving such stories now; I merely tell you in case you had not entirely forgotten your disappointment; and you must not repeat a word of this to any one." This caused more surprise than pain to Randolph. The Major gave him no farther explanations, and never again alluded to the subject. Randolph wondered how such a piece of information had come into his possession, or who his correspondent was. But he really knew less about Major Campbell's affairs and history than any of the other officers, who never spoke confidentially about him to his protégé.

Randolph's mind again turned to the rumours about the evil designs of the Sepoys; Paterson wrote him anxious letters, asking his opinion

about the demeanour of the men in his regiment. Mr. White had told him that it was believed by many that there was a general mutiny concerted. His own munshi told him one day, that the Sepoys of the regiment were very violent in the language they used in the bazaars. Major Campbell was indignant at the idea that there would be any general rising. "At the same time," said he, "I fear, that if the Commander-in-Chief does not do something adequate to check this, much insubordination will occur in individual regiments. Oh, for an hour of Sir Charles Napier! An officer cannot answer unhesitatingly about any regiment save his own; and this I am ready to do." At the same time Campbell's vigilance was incessant. His tent was on the parade-ground, a few yards from the lines, and he was ever on the watch for any symptoms of discontent. The Sergeant-Major assured him that the men were as well disposed as ever they had been. The Subahdar swore they were ready to go to the death, whenever the Major Sahib Bahadur gave the order. There were, however, two squadrons of Irregular Cavalry in the station, who were known to be restless and

discontented. One morning, truth compels me to state it was Sunday, the doctor and Captain Mansell were playing at billiards in the mess-room, when the Rev. Mr. Agnew (who happened to be passing through the station, and had remained there that day, not liking to travel on Sunday) was lounging about the room.

“Will you try a game, Mr. Agnew?” said Mansell.

“I am going to hold public worship this morning. It would be hardly consistent with my occupation to do so.”

“Well, surely you can venture to take a bet?”

“I do not see any great harm in that,” replied the Chaplain.

The bet was made; but was not destined to be decided: for in walked the Colonel.

“I dare say you are surprised to see me, gentlemen; but the stories I heard in the hills, of disaffection amongst the Sepoys, made me so anxious, that I could not stay away from my own regiment, although I know that no one could command it better than Campbell. Have you heard that seventy-five troopers of the 3rd Light Cavalry are

under confinement at Meerut, waiting for trial? But where is Campbell? I must see him. We must write to some one in Meerut, and hear all about it."

In due time they got an answer from an old experienced officer from that station, saying that the seventy-five troopers had been tried by court-martial for refusing to take the same cartridges they had always used, and that they had been sentenced to ten years' hard labour on the roads; that they had been put in irons in front of all the troops in a full parade; and that the effect upon the minds of the other Sepoys was salutary. The disposition of the men was as good as could be. The writer trusted that the thing was now fairly at an end. So they went on eating, and drinking, and laughing, and playing billiards, and riding, and smoking, two or three days more.

One morning, most of the officers were assembled, drinking coffee in the verandah of the mess-house, when a horseman appeared galloping furiously towards them. "It is the magistrate," said some one; "I think his horse must have run away." He wheeled it to the door, and, without dismounting,



cried out : “ The Meerut Sepoys have revolted, and escaped to Delhi. All the regiments there have mutinied, and murdered their officers. The King has joined with them, and murdered all the European residents, beginning with the Commissioner.”

“ Who told you all that ? ” cried Campbell.

“ Never mind who told me,” said the magistrate ; “ the news are pakha ; and, what is worse, I fear your Sepoys will hear of it before an hour is over, if they have not done so already.”

“ If the thing is true, it is better for us to tell them,” said Campbell. “ Do you not think so, Colonel ? ” addressing that gentleman, who seemed perfectly stupefied.

“ I don’t know, George. Do what you think advisable ; but can it be true ? ”

“ I can bring you the messenger,” shouted the magistrate ; “ but I assure you it is too true.”

“ Send him here at once,” cried Campbell ; “ and, in the meantime, I must to my tent. Will you come with me, Colonel ? and you, Telney ? ” addressing the Adjutant.

The Colonel followed mechanically. When the

Major reached his tent, he immediately called the Sergeant-Major.

“Howard,” said he, “watch the men in the lines, and if there is any excitement, come and tell me at once.”

He sent messengers to the regimental bazaars, to watch if any suspicious characters entered them. The man who had brought the news appeared at the same time; and a few questions showed that it could be no bazaar rumour. A short while after, the Sergeant-Major came, reporting that a stranger had come into the Sepoy lines, and had drawn a crowd round about him.

“Seize him at once, and bring him here.”

He appeared in a few minutes with the man, a tall, powerfully-made Brahmin.

“You are a Sepoy, I see,” said Campbell.

The man gave no answer.

“Let him be searched.”

Upon his person they found a letter, saying that all the Delhi and Meerut regiments had revolted; that the King of Delhi would take all the Sepoys into his service, and give them more than the Company; and that the Delhi magazine had been found

to be full of impure cartridges. Two illuminated shasters were also on his person, and a great number of percussion caps. The Major instantly ordered a parade of his regiment. In a short but powerful speech, he put them in mind of the vows under which they had enlisted; of the fidelity the Company had shown in its engagements to them; of the victories they had made, and the conquests and glory they had won, under its banner. He then adverted to their suspicions about their caste, which he showed them were utterly baseless. He pointed out the uniform and perfect toleration the English Government had shown to all religions, and contrasted it with the bigotry of Secander Lodi and Aurangzib, the persecutions the Sikhs had suffered from the Mogul Emperors, and the revenge the Sikhs had taken on the Mahomedans. He reminded them of the long-continued good-will that had existed between them and their officers, and of the many bloody fights they had gained together. Did the Sepoys believe it possible that these same officers should favour any scheme to ruin their own men? He concluded by showing the great power of the English nation, and the folly of exchanging their long-tried friendship for their enmity.

His address seemed to produce a great impression. At the end of the parade, he ordered a court-martial to try the man they had caught. The man confessed that he was one of the 3rd Native Infantry, absent on leave. He was found guilty, by a court consisting both of European and Native officers, and sentenced to be shot.

“It must be done at once,” said Campbell.

“But,” put in the Colonel, “you cannot do it in this hurried and informal manner. What will the Commander-in-Chief say?”

“My dear Colonel,” replied Campbell, “I am ready to answer for it myself, and, as the order allowing you to return to the command of your own regiment has not reached us, the responsibility will thus fall upon me.”

The Colonel was silent.

“Order,” said he, speaking to the Adjutant, “a parade of the men, at once, with a firing party.”

They were drawn up in line, and the firing party placed in front. The condemned man walked slowly up, looking wistfully at the Sepoys. The order was given to fire. There was a breathless silence in all the Sepoy ranks. The report of the muskets seemed



to cause a general start. The prisoner fell dead.

Major Campbell arranged, at once, that the ladies of the regiment should go to Nynee Tal. One officer came saying that he could not get his wife persuaded to leave.

“I shall wait upon her myself,” said the Major, “and try to induce her.”

This he accordingly did.

“You see, madam,” said he, “our position here is very perilous. We are altogether surrounded by stations of Sepoy regiments. There are no Europeans, save at Meerut on the one side, and Lucknow on the other. I think I can answer for our men; but, at the same time, I fear there will be mutinies at some of the other stations. I do not think the presence of ladies in this place advisable.”

“That may be very true, Major Campbell,” replied she; “but I trust the Sepoys as much as you do. Besides, if I did not, that would be only the more reason why I could not leave my husband. Allow me to stay; I really will not go.”

“I am sorry for that; I think your sense of duty is over-strained,” answered the Major, bowing to

the lady with deep respect ; “ but I am sure none of our Sepoys will ever do anything to harm you, or your little boy.”

This incident, of course, was talked about in the station. The other ladies, on hearing of it, said they would also stay ; but, after a decent amount of persuasion, they all set out, with much sobbing—with the exception of Mrs. Moore. Confidence began to be restored. The Sepoys kept quiet ; and though there were alarming news from Bareilly and Shahjehanpur, there was no rising. A courier came in with a letter, announcing that the Commander-in-Chief was gathering the European regiments at Umbala, to march upon Delhi. The Bhartpur chiefs were coming up the Jumna. No man of note had yet joined the King of Delhi, save a few Nawabs in the neighbourhood.

The Major was, however, very anxious. “ I wonder if it is true the Commander-in-Chief is waiting for a siege train ; he ought to have pushed down at once. I feared that the whole army would have gone in one blaze. Regiments are mutinying here and there. What is singular, Oude is remaining quiet. You have come to India at a bad time, a

bad time." He repeated the words sadly. The men of their own regiment were known to talk a great deal among themselves, but this could not be wondered at; Major Campbell did his utmost to ascertain the existence of any rising discontent, but tried to avoid the appearance of suspicion. He still slept in the tent at night, a few paces from their lines. "By showing distrust," said he, "we shall run into more danger than we can avoid." News from the other stations, however, made them very anxious.

One night, towards the end of May, nine of the officers were assembled at mess; Randolph came in last. He had been on duty, and had his sword and his five-barrelled revolver, which, in spite of Campbell's demurrings, he persisted in carrying about with him.

"These boys are so fond of playing with their weapons," said Major Campbell.

They were chatting gaily, when, all at once, they heard voices, and footsteps entering the compound.

"What is that?" said Mansell, starting up.

The figure of a Sepoy entered the door; his

copper-coloured face almost black with excitement. All eyes were turned upon him. He presented, and fired; Captain Mansell dropped down dead. Several Sepoys followed, and a rattle of musketry came through the windows. Two or three of the small party fell; Randolph drew his revolver, and fired four barrels. Three of the Sepoys rolled on the floor; one gentleman grappled with another of them, and plunged a table-knife into his breast. The rest shrank back through the doors. "Kill that chamar—kill that chamar," cried some one in Hindustani; and half a dozen bullets struck the wall behind the place where Randolph was standing, one of them grazing his head.

"Throw down the lights," cried Major Campbell.

In an instant the room was made dark.

Only two of the surviving officers were armed, besides Randolph; and one of these was mortally wounded. He reeled to a chair, giving his sword to Campbell.

"Let us try and break out," cried the Major.

He opened a back door, by which the servants brought in and took out the dishes; it led to the



back of the compound. This was a narrow space shut in by the kitchen, and two or three huts, and a mud wall. The sun had long set; but the moon was shining brightly. There were three or four Sepoys waiting at the door; they recognised the Major as he stepped out. There was blood upon his white jacket. "Kill them all, but let Major Campbell Sahib go," cried one Sepoy. There was a man standing to the right, in native costume, most likely a sowar. He held a pistol within a foot of the Major's head, and fired. The Major fell on the ground, without a groan. The man sprang back; but with one single bound Randolph was upon him, and struck him deep in the neck with his sword. Two or three Sepoys, who were behind the murderer, turned and ran away to the front of the house. Randolph bent over the body of his friend; he was lying on his back, the moonshine resting calmly on that noble face. There was a dark spot above his eye; Randolph put his finger upon it, and the finger entered the soft, warm brain.

"He is dead," said the Sepoy who had first spoken. "Fly away; it is not good to die. What

remedy is there for death? The other men will come back, when they have loaded. Fly! fly!" said he, seizing Randolph by the shoulder.

"If I fly, O my friend," said Randolph, addressing the lifeless form of the Major; "if I fly, it is to have a chance of avenging you."

He looked at the body of the man he had cut down; blood was pouring from the severed arteries of the neck.

With one bound he was over the mud wall; several shots were fired at him. When he looked round, he saw only one figure, ten yards behind. He stopped, and let him approach; it was the same soldier who had bent with him over Major Campbell's body.

"Young sahib," said he, "where are you going?"

"I am going to try and save the mem sahibs," replied Randolph.

"Do not go there," cried the Sepoy; "the regiment has mutinied, and they are plundering the houses everywhere. Look, they have set some of them on fire."

In his agitation he had not noticed that, from

three separate places, a red stream of light was rising into the sky; and the air was full of shouts and discordant cries.

“Fly!—fly to your own house,” said the man. “Mount your horse and escape—it is too late to save anybody now. Those who will escape from the cantonment have already fled.”

Randolph hesitated a moment; and, after an agonising attempt to weigh calmly the painful necessities of his position, yielded to the instinct of self-preservation, and ran swiftly to Major Campbell’s bungalow, which, as we have already said, was more than a mile off. He reached it in a few minutes, passing many people on the way, some of whom cried after him, but none attempted to stop him. The compound was dark and silent, and the gate shut; but, with his sword in his hand, he leapt over the wall.

“Is any one here?” cried he.

There was a dead silence. He went up to several of the doors of the servants’ houses, but they were closed. He hastily turned to the house. His room door was open, and he went in; some one stood upon the threshold.

“Who are you?” cried he.

“Your honour’s bearer.”

“Where are the other servants?”

“They have shut themselves up in their houses through fear; some have run away. I collected your money”—showing a tied-up handkerchief—“to prevent its being stolen. You must fly, sahib: the men of blood are near. Where is the bara sahib?”

“His own Sepoys have killed him.”

The bearer gave a look of mingled horror and alarm; but the expression of a Hindustani face is read with difficulty by a European.

“You wish to go with the Sepoys?” said Randolph.

“I will go with my own sahib,” replied the bearer. “With whom else?”

“How can I believe in you?”

“Would I desert my own sahib, whose salt I have eaten?”—a word of great shame. “But rouse up, sahib”—for Randolph had sunk on a chair, exhausted with his headlong race, and confused by conflicting emotions; “the Sepoys will soon be here. You must escape.”



“Get my horse ready,” said Randolph. “And are you willing to go with me?”

“I will go with your honour,” answered Manurat, without hesitation.

Here he went out to get the saddle, but presently returned.

“The syce is making ready two horses. There is a Sepoy at the gate of the compound who wants to speak with you. I told him you had gone away, but he says he knows you are here, and that you will come to speak to him.”

Randolph went out. It was the Sepoy who had followed him.

“You must leave quickly,” said the man. “I met a party who were coming to plunder the house, but turned them back by saying it was plundered already. But there is no surety that they will not be here every moment. I will stay by the gate till you are gone.”

“Will you not go with me?” said Randolph.

“No ; when you are gone I shall return to my own regiment. What else can I do ? The rule of the Company is over. If the great warrior had been living, I would have gone with him. He saved my

life in the Cabul war. There is none his equal in Hindustan. But you must fly ; and do not go out at the front gate.”

Randolph turned away, and, taking in his hand the small earthen lamp the bearer had brought, he entered the room which Major Campbell had put apart for himself. Here were arranged on the walls the trophies the old soldier had gained in the battle and the chase : Afghan shields, Mahratta spears, Gujerati swords, and Sikh matchlocks, hanging beside the heads of boars and deer, and the skins of tigers, bears, and leopards.

Randolph gave the bearer a pair of pistols and a sword, loaded his own revolver, took some ammunition, opened an escritoire, and took out some money and a portable writing-desk, which he knew contained the Major's papers and some valuable jewels. He gave it to the dhobi ; a bag of money and some other valuables to the Major's bearer ; sent out a heap of rupees to the Sepoy at the gate ; and prepared to depart. But the back wall was too high ; they could not get the horses to leap over at such a short run.

He ordered all the servants out to break down

the mud wall ; one of them refused, the rest looked sulky.

“Why do you not obey?” said Randolph, holding his sword in the air.

He afterwards wondered at the sudden thirst for blood which showed itself in one night, though he had already taken the lives of four men.

“If I do so, the Sepoys will kill me.”

“Then, if you don't, I will kill you !”

The man saw there was to be no trifling.

While they were working at the wall, Randolph took the lamp and lighted the thatch of the bungalow in half a dozen places ; and ere he left, the roof was in a blaze.

“It will help to keep the plundering ruffians away,” thought he.

The wall was now broken down, and he pushed his horse through the opening, followed by the bearer. He told the other servants, who salaamed to him as he passed by, that they might meet him at Meerut if they wished to continue in the service of the English. He had scarcely passed the wall, when he heard voices at the front gate. He galloped off at a pace which his bearer found difficulty in following.

Beyond the house was a fallow plain, across which he struck to fall upon the road to Meerut ; for he turned naturally to that station—to him the only *terra cognita* in the North-west. They passed through a native village, but the inhabitants gave them no annoyance ; indeed, most of the male population had gone to pick up what they could at the plunder of the cantonment. The bearer succeeded in finding the Meerut road, and they travelled along it undisturbed the whole night.

Randolph was scarcely able to realise this terrible calamity : it seemed almost as if the whole world was an illusion, and this but one of the shiftings of the pictures. He had awaked in the morning in a peaceful and smiling cantonment, surrounded by friends whom he loved, by his old books and furniture, by soldiers whom he still trusted ; and now everything had disappeared in an outburst of blood and flame. He reproached himself at his coldness in not grieving more deeply over the death of Major Campbell ; yet his fate mixed with and pained his every thought.

He asked his bearer if he knew what had become of the officers who had not been at mess ; but he



could say nothing, save that he had heard that four of them had taken the road towards Oude. Had they escaped, or was he the only survivor? He thought but little of the beauty of that tropical night — Hindustan was become something loathsome to him :

The smell of death was in her scented groves.

Exhaustion began to work its effect, in spite of the cruel emotions which racked his breast. He began to feel sleepy, and to nod upon his saddle. The horse moved on mechanically, half asleep too. Randolph was awakened several times by his falling forward upon the animal's neck. The morning began to appear. After consulting with the bearer, he determined to remain hiding in the jungle all day, and to set out again the following night. Manurat ascertained that there was a village a few miles off; they led their horses as deep amongst the bushes as they could. Manurat went away to the village to buy some flour and grain for the horses; Randolph had to hold the bridles till he came back, for they had forgotten to take the heel-ropes with them. He waited most anxiously for the man's return. He came back in about three

hours, with his purchases—some flour, clarified butter, and sweetmeats, a bag of grain for the horses, and a rope to tie them. He also brought Randolph a piece of goat's flesh. They went deeper into the jungle and kindled a fire. The bearer cooked his chapatties, and fried the flesh in his tawa. Water was more difficult to procure; but after an exhausting search, they managed to find some, which they drank eagerly, though it was not very good.

The bearer said the news of the mutiny at Zobera had not reached the people in the village; but they had asked him if he was a servant of the white people, and told him that their rule was certainly over. After having eaten a little, Randolph lay down under a tree, and, in spite of the flies and the rising heat of the day, was soon fast asleep. He dreamt that Major Campbell, Mansell, and the old Colonel appeared to him, covered with blood, crying, "What are you doing, Methyl, lying here in the jungle? Come away with us. Why did you leave us? We shall all be glad to see you." Major Campbell seized him by the shoulder and pushed and pulled him, as if to make him come away; yet,

even in his dream, Randolph recognised that so recent, yet to us ever awful difference, between a living and a dead being, and awoke with a start. His bearer's hand was upon his shoulder. "Get up, sahib," said he; "the sun is shining upon your head."

He sat up; it was the middle of the day, and the hot wind was blowing. All the horrors of the night before came back into his mind with renewed force. At the same time, he could not help feeling grateful to God for the wonderful escape he had made. It was dreadfully close and hot amongst the bushes; but the safety afforded by them was sufficient to counterbalance every disadvantage. Towards the evening, the bearer managed to get some grass for the horses; and they again took the road. The night was passed in marching, and the next day in repose; and when the terrible sun had again sunk, they set out anew.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE ADVENTURES OF RANDOLPH AND MANURAT BY THE WAY.

AT night they journeyed on quietly enough ; it was pretty dark, and as Randolph wore a pugarie, which his bearer had bought him, he was not aware any one on the road noticed that he was a European. They rode at a good pace, and kept before everybody travelling the same way. The news of the mutiny of the regiments at Bareilli, Shahjehanpur, and Zobera, were fairly spread ; and crime and violence were beginning to be rife over the country. On the morning of the third day they again turned in amongst the jungle ; but it appeared they had been seen : for they had scarcely got their horses tied up, when they heard footsteps and voices. In a minute they found themselves surrounded by two or three hundred villagers, fierce-looking men, half



naked, grasping rusty swords, old matchlocks, spears, or cudgels. Randolph held his pistol in his hand, prepared to defend himself, should he be attacked. They did not show any desire to do so, though some of them abused him heartily, and called him an infidel. They used the poor bearer more roughly, stripping him of everything save his drawers. They seized the horses, horse-gear, and everything else, squabbling and fighting for the different articles. They appeared to be under the direction of an old man with a spear in his hand, and a very dirty and ragged half pugarie upon his head.

Randolph looked on with dismay at the spoliation of his goods; but felt very much relieved when they went away without taking his own life or that of his bearer; though he could scarcely keep from rushing after them when he heard his horse neigh and stamp, as a tall young villager rode him away. Manurat had got a good many blows and bruises; for he had never ceased struggling and gesticulating during the whole scene.

He attributed their safety to some lucky speeches he had made to the old scoundrel who seemed to head them. Their situation was by no means agreeable : all their means of escape taken from them, deprived of their money and effects, and lying without food or water in the jungle. They immediately shifted to another and more hidden corner, from which they stole out at night to try to make their way along the road. Randolph had a few rupees upon his person, and the bearer a gold moyador tied up in his hair. Though hungry and faint, they managed to walk about ten miles, when the bearer ventured into a village, and bought a little flour and sweetmeats. He said that the whole country round about was in tumult at the news of the mutiny at Bareilli and at Shahjehanpur ; that the people, in the village he had entered, said at once that he was a servant of the white people, but professed themselves friendly to them, and offered their assistance. They also said that the Rajah of Rampur would give protection to any Europeans who came to him. At the same time it began to rain heavily ; and wet,

hungry, and weary, Randolph felt the need of entering a human habitation. He sent his bearer again to the Thannadar of the village, who assured him of protection, and towards morning, with sad misgivings, he took the road to the place. It was rather a small town than a village, a number of mud houses built in the form of a circle, shaded by some noble old trees. Every house had its little courtyard, enclosed by a mud wall. The Thannadar was a Rohilla Patan. He received them with great courtesy, and ordered food to be prepared for the Sahib. It was evident the news of their arrival had been spread through the place ; for, in the morning, a fakir, on the outside, made the house resound with the praises of the redoubtable sahib log, who, he said, had been the terror of the oppressor, and the cherisher of the poor.

The Thannadar strongly advised Randolph to try the road to Rampur. The country round about Meerut, he said, was in too disturbed a state for any one, even a native, to venture to traverse. But Randolph had made up his mind ; at all risks he would

be with his own people. The old man was most courteous and hospitable, and insisted on Randolph staying a few days with him to recruit his strength.

Randolph would, perhaps, have tried to push on as quickly as possible; but, towards evening, he was seized with a sudden shivering and sense of sinking. He was very much relieved by hearing what it was from his bearer; who recognised it to be ague at once. The old Thannadar insisted on bringing a physician to him. He was a Patan like himself, and had once been a Hindustani doctor in a regiment. He felt Randolph's pulse, observed the state of the skin, gave him some directions about his food, and sent some medicine, which prevented the fever from returning.

Next day, the two old men sat down beside his bed and conversed very sensibly upon the state of affairs. He heard that an old pensioner of the British Government, Khan Bahadur, whom the Thannadar seemed to know, had taken the title of King of Rohilcund, and that all the regiments in the provinces had mutinied, and the magistrates



had been murdered, or left their districts ; that the whole country was in a tumult ; and the whole native army had mutinied, or was expected to do so. The only ray of consolation was, that the Commander-in-Chief, with a small European force, was in full march to Delhi, where the Sepoys were gathering. Randolph's old regiment at Zobera had gone to Bareilli ; but they did not know if any officers had escaped. Both the old men seemed to speak of this with much regret : they dwelt upon the time when the Mahrattas had desolated the whole of Hindustan by their rapacious forays. " I do not believe," said one of them, " that the King of Delhi will ever rule all Hindustan ; the country will be divided among so many small rajahs, who will plunder the ryot, and wage war on one another. Hindustan requires one ruler, as in the days of Akber Badsha. It was only the English who could put an end to the Thugs."

" Are the people discontented at the idea that our rule has passed away ? " asked Randolph.

" No doubt a great many are so."

“Then, why do they not do something to help us?”

“That is scarcely their business,” said the old doctor. “What can a quiet man do?”

This question of Randolph's, which he thought so pertinent, raised much incoherent discussion: but he gathered from what they said, that violent and ambitious men might be expected to rise all over the country, collect followers around them, build forts, and plunder their neighbours; that fanatics would go to Delhi to combat for their faith; but that there was little chance of anybody choosing to endanger his life and property, in order to secure a good government for his neighbours. In Hindustan, he remembered, different tribes had contended with one another to rule India; but none in order that it should be ruled over by men of another race. After all, how could the English expect that, when the mercenaries they had paid and pampered had rebelled, the people, these very soldiers had been hired and trained to keep under, should rise to fit on the yoke that had just slipped from their necks? The

English, it was admitted, had given them a government which secured life and property ; but a people demands more than this—it desires the independence of its own race, and the predominance of its own religion, and a share in the government of its own country.

Next morning, Manurat came to him in an excited state. “ Let us leave this village,” said he ; “ there are some very bad men, here.”

A man had followed him, with a drawn sword, abusing the infidels, and crying out that he and his master would be cut to pieces, and given to feed the crows. The man tried to collect a crowd round the Thannadar’s door ; but the latter succeeded in pacifying the people, and making them go away. When they were gone, the old Rohilla, Randolph, and the bearer consulted together. The Thannadar said, at first, he thought he could have counted upon his influence in the village ; but that many of the people had relations in the Irregular Cavalry regiments which had mutinied. The man they had seen was a trooper in the 3rd Light Cavalry, who

had come to raise recruits for the King of Delhi. Moreover, he had received a threatening message from a village in the neighbourhood. He advised Randolph to leave the place that evening, assuring him, at the same time, with profuse expressions of courtesy, how very unpleasant it was for him to drive a guest out of his house. He advised Randolph, if he would persist in his attempt to reach Meerut, to travel in a native dress; though he assured him the road was by no means safe to any wanderer whatever. The Thannadar gave him an old suit of clothes, chapkin and pajama; and exchanged his regimental sword for a Hindustani tulwar. The bearer was armed with another. Manurat took off his master's European clothes, appropriating the shirt, and brought a man to shave his beard. He then rubbed our hero's face, hands, and feet with lamp-black, and when it was finished, complimented him highly on the improvement in his appearance. Randolph scarcely agreed with him, on viewing the change in the looking-glass. They then bade good-bye to the Thannadar, taking two days' provisions with them.



Randolph was very much affected by the kindness, sincerity, and courtesy of the old Rohilla. "Happen what may," said he, "I shall always remember with gratitude the name of Asof Ali."

The old man sent a lad to show them the way he considered it best for them to take. He advised them to go a certain distance on the main road, but to turn off before they came to the Ganges, and on no account to attempt to cross at the customary ghat, where they were almost sure to be stopped and searched. They must try for a boat to carry them across at some quiet spot, and then make for the main road to Meerut. He advised them to travel very cautiously, and only at night, or very early in the morning.

Another march brought them to the banks of the Ganges. Here they rested themselves the whole day and the next night, and, at the first breath of the morning, went up the banks, seeking for a boat by which they might get across. After a good long search, they lighted upon one. It was lying tied to a stake, and could easily be pushed into the

water ; but there were no oars. They sat down beside it, and waited. The sun rose in full grandeur upon the broad Ganges ; but Randolph had little mind to admire the beauty of the landscape. In a short while, the proprietor of the boat, who was a fisherman, appeared with his son, a boy of fourteen, bearing a net. Randolph immediately asked them to ferry them over. The man suggested they had much better go to the ghat, which was not so far off. Randolph's threatening pistol decided the parley. He pushed the two in, and he and the bearer followed. The man was sulky, but rowed vigorously. At last the boat struck the land.

“ You are now arrived,” said the boatman.

Manurat got out, and Randolph was going to follow, when a sudden suspicion entered his mind. “ Run across this ground,” said he to the bearer, “ and see if this is not an island.”

Manurat soon returned, reporting they were only half across.

Randolph felt as if he could have drunk the fisherman's blood.

“If I were to kill you on the spot,” said he, “who would say I had done wrong?”

The man trembled visibly.

“Get out of the boat,” cried Randolph; “if this is a good place for us to remain on, it is a good place for you.”

The man, keeping his terrified eyes upon the pistol, obeyed; but Randolph seized the boy as he was following. “You must stay to row us across.”

The man implored Randolph not to separate him from his son; but he ordered the lad to help him to push off, in a voice that put an end to all entreaty.

The fisherman sat down by the edge of the water, watching the boat as it receded. The boy took the helm, and Randolph the oar, and they were soon upon the real shore. They landed, and the boy seemed very much relieved when Randolph told him to row back. The two pushed through the deep jungle on the banks of the river, and sought for some path; but could find none. The

sun began to be hot ; they were torn and tripped by the bushes, and tortured with swarms of insects ; while their sandals were continually coming off. Wearied, faint, and bewildered, they lost their way, and could neither find any road, nor regain the river bank.

Randolph was so much alarmed that, though quite exhausted, he would not rest for a moment till he could find some path or means of getting out of their disagreeable situation. Manurat climbed a high tree, and saw what he believed to be the river ; they made towards it, and found, to their intense joy, that he had not been deceived. They lay down, perfectly powerless with fatigue, by its banks. After a little, Randolph noticed something white at some distance, and sent Manurat to see what it was. He returned, saying he had found a place of refuge. It was a small Hindu temple ; close by lived a Brahmin, who took care of it. There was no village, he said, for more than four miles off. Randolph was not so sure that this would be a place of refuge.



“He is a holy man,” said Manurat, “and lives in the jungle, praying continually to Mahadeo. He will not give you any trouble ; he says there is a house near, where you can go to sleep during the day.”

Randolph, who found the sun overpowering, even under a tree, determined to accept the shelter offered. The bearer told the Brahmin that his companion was threatened with small-pox ; and the hermit recommended him to rub him with clarified butter. He gave them some, but took care not to come near. The lamp-black upon Randolph’s face caused him much distress, as it interfered with the action of the skin ; so he washed it off.

It was a charming spot. A little, bell-shaped Hindu temple, covered over with coloured paintings of scenes in the Hindu mythology, was inclosed by a low wall, surrounded by a grove of noble old trees. A number of broad steps descended from the temple to the Ganges. Here lived the Brahmin in a little house close by, passing most of his time in bathing and combing his hair.

“How does he get food?” inquired Randolph.

“The villagers round about bring him food; and if anybody is sick, or wishes to have children, or anything else, they come to him with presents and sweetmeats, asking him to repeat prayers and give propitiatory offerings.”

The Brahmin pointed out a path, by following which they might gain the main road to Meerut. He said that the whole country was in a state of anarchy, and that they were in great danger of being robbed or murdered by the Gujers on the way.

Randolph determined to try if he could not make the whole distance to Meerut, which could not be less than forty miles, in one night. This, no trifling feat even in Europe, was a formidable one in India during the hot season; but he saw it would be imprudent to trust anything more to chance, especially as he knew that many Europeans escaping that way from Delhi had been murdered on the road.

The bearer got the loan of an earthen lamp from the Brahmin, and smeared Randolph's face with lamp-black.

Towards evening they set out, and succeeded in lighting upon the trunk road, passing a village unchallenged. Fortunately, most of the villages were a little off the road. A peasant, brandishing a sword, ran across their way at one place, but recoiled at their determined attitude.

They had made a good part of the journey, when they noticed a man sitting by the way, who greeted them with a Mussulman salaam, "aleikun," and cried out—

"Do not go through that village; they will rob you!"

They stopped to demand an explanation.

He said that he was a Mahometan who had come from Rohilcund, but had been plundered of all his money and bundle at the ghat crossing the Ganges; and had been stripped of his clothes and severely beaten at a village about half a mile further on. They would not even allow him to get through, but told him to go back the way he came. He wished, like them, to get to Meerut.

Randolph was not sure whether he could trust

the man, but the bearer assured him that he knew by his accent that he was not out of that district.

“If you are willing to go with us,” said Randolph, “we shall try to get past the village; but, if you wish our help, you must also help us.” He inquired if there was any way of avoiding the place by making a circuit.

The man said that, on one side, there was a small lake, with a swamp, which would take them a long circuit; and, on the other, they would have much difficulty in finding their road at night.

Randolph thought at first that it was best to avoid the village, by all means; but, after a little reflection, he thought he would rather push through.

They stole cautiously along the road. The village was about twenty yards from it, and the fires of the Gujers, who were cooking their evening meal, were burning in every direction. They had little chance of getting past unobserved; but Randolph pushed on, knowing that natives do not willingly disturb themselves when preparing or eating their food. The Mahometan with them was frightened, and



would have turned back ; but Randolph, in a low voice, swore he would shoot him if he stopped. They stole swiftly past, and our hero almost thought they would get through unobserved, when some one shouted out—

“ What people are you ? ”

“ Now run ! ” cried Randolph.

They rushed along the road at their utmost speed. Several villagers ran to stop them, but recoiled at the glitter of Randolph’s pistol and the bearer’s tulwar, which the latter brandished in a most ferocious manner.

They had got fairly past the village, when Randolph, who was behind, for he could not run very swiftly in his clumsy sandals, heard the footsteps of some one gaining on him. He wheeled round and fired at the pursuer—a tall figure, with what looked like a spear in his hand. The man rolled in the dust ; several other villagers, who were giving chase, stopped over the body of their comrade. In two or three minutes the whole village had turned out, with whoop and yell, firing matchlocks, and

beating tomtoms. Fortunately, odds give no advantage in a chase; and it is likely the forwardest were checked by the reflection that the foremost runner was in some danger of getting himself shot. Our party soon left pursuit far behind. A weary walk they had of it that night; and, as the day broke, they were still far from Meerut. They managed to reach it at last by the help of a bullock wagon, which they came up with, about five miles from the station. It was noon when they arrived.

We pass over the surprise of the Brigade Major, when Randolph called upon him next morning in native costume; the congratulations of the friends whom he found still in the station; and the regrets of all at the confirmed news of the death of Major Campbell.

Our hero soon got everything of which he was in need. The Paymaster, indeed, objected to advance him any pay; as that functionary remarked, "Why had he neglected to bring his last pay certificate with him?"

General Hewitt was applied to; and Randolph

had reason to thank that distinguished officer for the unhesitating manner in which he gave an order, that Ensign Randolph Methyl should receive the amount of pay due to him; an order which the Paymaster, who knew the man he had to deal with, was compelled to obey.

## CHAPTER XVII.

CAMP BEFORE DELHI—A FAITHFUL SERVANT MAY BE A  
MAN'S MOST USEFUL FRIEND.

RANDOLPH remained at Meerut several days; indeed, he had need of some repose, for his physical strength had been quite exhausted by what he had undergone in his remarkable escape, by the heat of the sun, the imperfect rest and want of sleep, and the toilsome walking at night. Like everybody else in Meerut, he had a burning desire to be sent to Delhi. The wounded, who had been conveyed back after the two affairs in the Hindun, had brought correct accounts of our success there; and a few days after came the tidings that a battle had been fought a few miles from Delhi, and that our force was encamped upon the old parade ground, and would soon carry the place. Most people seemed to think the affair was now over. Some feared it was,



so anxious were they to get the chance of striking a blow against the mutineers. Every one breathed fury and vengeance. Randolph felt quite carried away by the burning enthusiasm of revenge. It seemed as if all the blood in his heart had turned black. It is almost impossible to realise the revulsion of feeling produced in the breasts of the Sepoy officers, by the sudden burst of treachery and murder which appeared amongst the men.

In great historical crises like this, deep feelings are brought out, which in quiet times remain altogether inert. Individuals are frenzied with a sudden energy, and scarcely know themselves. It is a melancholy thing when such awakenings of excitement take a destructive form. The sanguinary feeling, the desire to kill, appears amongst nations the mildest and the most polished. Such was the French revolution. And in the great rebellion of 1857, history will find proofs that the English nation, generally so honest, candid, and intelligent, can be lashed into a state of fury dreadful to contemplate.

Randolph, though borne down by this dangerous tide of feeling, was too intelligent, and too cautious, to yield entirely to it. He saw that a war of races could only end in the extermination of his own; that the struggle was simply one between the Sepoy prætorians and the English, for the possession of Hindustan. The terrible massacres that were taking place shocked more than surprised him; but he afterwards felt that his heart had been embittered, and the most savage feelings in his nature too deeply roused.

It was now clear that the Sepoys were defending themselves better than any one anticipated. The station was full of gossip about the fights on the Hindun and the battle of Badle Serai. How the Sepoys had crossed bayonets with European soldiers; how Tombs had two horses killed under him; how gallantly Arthur Light had brought up his guns. Who was to succeed Chester as Adjutant-General? The natives in Meerut were sulky and reserved; the bazaar people insolent—the native merchants often refused to deal with

Europeans ; the whole country around was in an uproar ; raid, plunder, robbery, and murder were rampant everywhere around. Ah, woe for Hindustan !

The brigadier commanding at Meerut sent Randolph to Delhi with a few artillerymen, and some carts with stores. They were escorted by about thirty Sowars, whom an Afghan chief, Ali Akber, had raised to fight for the English Government. They were not molested on the road. As they neared Delhi the thunder of the artillery became louder and louder. The men sat more proudly in their saddles, and our hero's heart was stirred with a new emotion. The country about was quiet and desolate the last two or three miles. They entered the camp at evening. Randolph delivered over his charge to the commissariat, and went to seek the hospitality of his friend Colpin, of the Foot Artillery. He had no tent, but the officer whose tent Colpin shared most courteously invited Randolph to take shelter with him for the present. He reported himself next morning, and paid a visit to the batteries. He was directed the most dan-

gerous way—through what was called the Valley of the Shadow of Death. Here fell most of the bullets that were directed at the batteries on Hindu Rao's hill. For the first time he experienced the peculiar sensation attending the passage of shells and round shot through the medium in which one moves. As he got up the hill the bullets went high over head. He looked into Hindu Rao's house, every room of which was full of Gurkha soldiers, quietly chatting or smoking, under range of the enemy's heavy artillery. He went to the top of the house. A Gurkha soldier was looking through a spy-glass at the city; Randolph took the loan of it, and glanced along the well-remembered buildings and towers.

His friend Colpin was in one of the batteries, hauling about a gun, all his dress blackened with gunpowder. "They have mounted three more guns at the Lahore Gate," said he. Here the man on the watch cried out that a gun was coming from the Moree. "You'd better bob, gentlemen," said Colpin. Every one crouched behind the parapet; the ball struck the crown of it, scattering dust in their faces.



“They have got some capital artillerymen at their guns,” said Colpin. “We are not gaining much at this game of long shots.”

“When do you think they will try to get in?” said Randolph.

“Well, you see, I don’t think we are strong enough for that, although many people swear we are.”

“Oh! these Pandies have no pluck, when brought to arm’s length,” cried a young Engineer officer, who happened to be in the battery. “We have been drawing up plans for an attack, which have been submitted to the General. My one was just to take the bull by the horns and try a general escalade of the walls.”

“Much obliged to you for the use you would make of us,” said an Infantry officer, who was with a company of men guarding the batteries. “How very pleasant it will be, getting through a ditch twenty feet deep, and scaling a wall twenty-four feet high!”

“Oh! the thing would be over in a few minutes,” said the Engineer.

“I believe you, my boy,” replied the Infantry officer.

Here the rattle of musketry among the trees down below showed that some of the enemy were approaching; but Randolph had to go away, for he could not venture to absent himself any longer from our camp.

Next day he was sent to do duty with the Fusiliers, and sent down to the Metcalfe picket. “We always like to be sent to picket,” observed one of the officers to him; “it is the only chance we have of getting a few days’ rest. If there is any other picket attacked, why it falls upon those in camp to go to relieve it; and if our own is attacked, why, we have not the trouble of going to the spot.”

The sun, as might be expected, was dreadfully hot; the officers had nothing to shelter themselves but a small hill-tent. They were lying, overpowered by the heat of the day, when word was brought the enemy was approaching. They came on slowly, availing themselves skilfully of the cover of the bushes and trees about; soon the

bullets began to fly; Randolph thought every one was passing an inch from his ear. He was not frightened, but felt a sense of uneasiness and anxiety, just like, he wrote describing it, as if he had been a boy going down a difficult slide. The enemy appeared on all sides in great numbers, and were not driven away till after a considerable reinforcement came from camp. After the engagement some of the men went out amongst the bushes, and picked up a good deal of money from the bodies of the slain. When he returned from picket, Randolph went to seek his friend Dr. Reid, who, he heard, had escaped from Gardizipur.

You may imagine how glad they were to see one another. Reid had plenty to do, and was delighted to do it. There is no greater pleasure than in finding one's self supremely useful.

Randolph was very much disappointed that no opportunity occurred for especially distinguishing himself; indeed, his forwardness was remarked by an experienced officer. "You will get yourself killed, Methyl, if you do not take care. There is

danger enough without your running into any more."

Reid called upon him one day with a singular piece of news.

"It appears, from a report that has just come in, that your regiment did not all mutiny at once. A plot had been formed by the Panalli Irregulars and about a hundred of the more evil disposed to cut off the officers, fearing, I suppose, the influence that the high character of Major Campbell had amongst the rest. The Sowars rose at once, and the Subahdar in your regiment sent a party to cut off the officers at mess, and another to raise the blackguards in the bazaar, and announced in the lines, on hearing the first report of a musket, that the officers had been all killed. The regiment was carried away, rose at once, and killed the Serjeant-Major. Lieutenant and Mrs. Moore were also murdered. One man carried away the little boy and gave him sweetmeats, and tried to console him, but he continued crying for his mother, when one of the Sepoys killed him. The doctor and two



other officers managed to escape on Sowari camels to Rampur." He had not heard what became of the rest, but Randolph afterwards learned that only one more got clear of the station, and he was murdered on the road to Lucknow. There were sixteen with the regiment in all.

It is generally known that a prophecy had wandered about India, that the rule of the Company would close on the Centenary of Plassy, the 23rd of June, and the enemy issued in great force from behind their walls, to try if they could not fulfil the prediction. The fighting was very hard in the Subzi Mundi. Randolph was there. They had nearly driven the enemy out when the order came for them to retreat. One of the men was lying with his leg shattered, and unable to rise; Randolph took him in his arms and carried him away. Half an hour after, the order came to advance; Randolph led a party of men up to a two-storied house which was full of Sepoys. He was trying to break open the door when he dropped stunned on the ground. He came to himself in a minute, but

felt a tingling creeping through every limb. The blood was gushing over his shoulder; on putting his hand to the place, he traced a slight furrow behind the ear, which took a downward direction through the muscles of the neck. The hæmorrhage was very great. On trying to rise, he fell down again, and almost fainted. They got him to the rear, and into a doolie. What a sudden change to him! How great now seemed the value of life and health, which the minute before he was so recklessly hazarding. The surgeon appeared alarmed on seeing the wound. He managed to stop the bleeding by holding the artery of the neck. The bullet had "glanced along the temporal bone, broken the styloid process, and come out by the side of the trachea, a little below the cricoid cartilage;" I quote the surgeon's statement of the case. The shot had been fired by a man from a balcony overhead.

During the night time, Randolph, who, weak and faint, had sunk asleep, awoke suddenly; the pillow was swimming with blood. His voice was so weak

that he could scarcely arouse Manurat, who was sleeping on the ground by his side. The surgeon was called, and came instantly ; he managed again to stop the bleeding. Next morning, a consultation was held ; Dr. Reid told Randolph that it was to determine whether they ought to tie the common trunk of the carotid. This would have been, under the unfavourable circumstances, a very serious operation. Fortunately, it was not done. Reid declared that the track of the bullet, through which they could push a probe, must have left the artery untouched. It could only be a branch which was divided, and this, if anything, they ought to cut down upon. Older surgeons ~~shaped~~ their prognosis by the anatomical knowledge of the younger one, although they did not appear to listen to him. Randolph's life was thus saved from a great and needless peril ; for there was no more bleeding. The wound, as Reid told him, was only dangerous by the important vessels near which the bullet must have torn its course ; the blow upon the temporal bone had stunned him, and the bleeding had probably

brought his senses back so quickly. He was very weak, and felt the heat most intolerable.

The greatest kindness and sympathy were shown by the other officers, but so many came to see Randolph that the surgeon forbade them, for it was thought speaking was dangerous. Randolph's bearer remained beside his master night and day. During the day he sat by his bedside, and during the night spread his bedding at the foot of the cot, and lay down, never again appearing to be asleep; when Randolph spoke—

Abra was present ere I called the name,  
And when I called another, Abra came.

No woman could have been more patient, gentle, and unselfish, and no European man could have so light a touch, so low a voice, and so quiet a tread.

Reid had a great deal to do, but managed to come every day, when, forbidding Randolph to speak, he would deliver a grave lecture on the state of affairs, and the news of the day. Randolph found the time most wearisome. He was able to read, but books were scarce; Reid at last brought



him one on *Materia Medica*, with marks in the pages he imagined entertaining to ordinary readers; Randolph regarded all as equally uninteresting.

One day, he asked his bearer if he could not tell him a story. Manurat was very willing, but did not know many; and Hindustani stories are seldom very good, generally ending in some conceit or other, pleasing to the subtle mind of the Hindustani, but trifling to the more practical Briton. Here is one of them.

“One day, a great rajah looked out from his palace, which was beside the sea. He said to his vizier, ‘I wonder how long a man could sit in the sea till he would die of cold.’ Birbal answered, ‘It will be difficult to get any one to try.’ Then the king ordered it to be proclaimed by beat of drum in the bazaar, that if any one would sit for a whole night in the sea, opposite the palace windows, he should get a thousand rupees; but if he came out before morning, his head should be cut off. Then a Brahmin, for greed of the money—for you must know, sahib, that Brahmins are very

greedy—said he was ready to sit in the sea, as the rajah had ordered. They brought him in presence of the rajah, who said, ‘I shall give you the thousand rupees if you sit all night in the sea; but this condition is to be kept, that you receive no help from any human being. Take this well into your understanding.’ The Brahmin was a poor man, and determined to try; for you see, sahib,” observed Manurat, “that a poor man can stand cold and wet better than a rich man, for this reason, that he has only one coat, and when it turns wet, cannot change it. The Brahmin sat all night in the sea; and, in the morning, the rajah sent his guards to bring him if he still lived. He was nearly dead with cold; but they led him before the rajah, who said, ‘Have you sat all night in the sea?’ The Brahmin said, ‘Yes.’ The rajah asked, ‘Did you get any assistance, and did you see anything during the night?’

“‘I only saw one small light from an earthen lamp beside the palace of your highness, which I watched all night.’

“The rajah immediately answered, ‘Then the

thousand rupees will not come to you; I said you must not, on any account, or in any way, take assistance from any one; and you have had the heat and light of a lamp.' ”

“ I think that was a rather shabby proceeding of the rajah,” observed Randolph to the bearer, who seemed to admire his acuteness so much that he forgot his illiberality. “ Why, the Presidency Paymaster himself might have learnt from him.”

“ Yes, but,” added the bearer, “ the vizier took the Brahmin into his house, and warmed him, and gave him the thousand rupees the rajah had promised.”

“ Ah ! ” thought Randolph, “ imagine the Auditor-General behaving like the vizier.”

The enemy's reinforcements were pouring in, and the fighting went on; the roar of artillery never ceased. They were always attacking our position at some point or other; and they took to throwing bombs into the camp. Though most of them fell short or exploded before they had made the journey so far, Randolph could now and then hear them

lighting on the ground with a dull thud, or bursting in the air near his tent with a loud report. He began to find his situation most irksome. "How long will it be till this wound is well?" said he to Reid after a week had passed away. "I am sorry to say," replied he, "that it is not healing so kindly as one might expect. Your surgeon is going to hold a consultation about it to-morrow."

In the morning three doctors came, who examined the wound most carefully. A little venous bleeding had appeared during the night; Randolph's pulse was high; the wound was suppurating. They all were decided in their opinion that he should be sent to the hills at once. Randolph was very unwilling to go; but they told him that, by remaining, he would seriously endanger his life; for if ulceration went on in the wound, it would certainly open some of the great vessels of the neck. Moreover, he would only prolong his illness by staying in camp. He was obliged to give in; but was very painfully excited by the news that his old regiment had come with the other mutinous corps



from Rohileund. They could perceive them lying on the other side of the river, for the bridge of boats was broken. "We shall have another hard struggle for our lives when they get across. Oh, that I were able to fight them, if only for an hour."

A number of sick and wounded were to be sent to Umbala; and poor Randolph was to go with them.

END OF VOL. I.

NOTA.—The Author deems it advisable to notice that two successive proofs, pp. 193 to 256, of Volume I., were lost in being forwarded for correction to the Author, residing at L'Abbaye du Valcroissant, Die Drôme, and could never be traced.









